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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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IT HURT THEIR MODESTY.

A GANG OF BRUTAL COWARDS CHASE PRETTY ELLA HAMMEL OF BURLINGTON, N. J., WITH BRICKS AND STONES JUST BECAUSE SHE TOOK IT INTO HER HEAD TO WEAR A MOTHER HUBBARD.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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FAGIN GOULD AGAIN.

It must be admitted that Mr. Fagin Jay Gould does not lack for pluck. Here we have him going on in a two-column screed in the New York Times, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, figuratively speaking, punching and pummeling the Knights of Labor and like organizations with dull thuds of blows not unlike those of the chief slugger in a pounding match. Gould scarce finds any good in these organizations. They have little virtue, very much vice, scarcely any brain, and very much lack of purpose. They are engineered by socialists, he says, and are incendiary in their aim, character and ends. But for all this, Gould tells us that he is a friend of labor organizations. He believes in them from the ground floor up. He has given much thought to the subject, and is really evolving from his inner consciousness a scheme for a labor organization to be fostered by the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company and patronized and financially bolstered up by him. His organization is to be one for the elevation of the workingmen. It is to make him a self-respecting, self-improving, and, it may be added, a never-striking, thoroughly offenseless man. But his organization is to be an insurance company also. That, in fact, is the phase of the subject which chiefly interests Gould. He will require the members of his association (his own employees, of course) to pay a certain sum annually into his treasury for the insurance of their lives, and when they get aged, infirm or sick, and are ready to reap the benefit of their contributions, he will discharge them and confiscate their deposits. At least this would be very much like him. Fagin Jay Gould as the patron and promoter of a labor organization would cut a very funny figure. It would remind us of the wolf put in charge of a flock of lambs.

We repeat that Fagin Gould is not without a certain amount of pluck. Hated and despised as he is by millions of the workingmen of the country, many of whom would consider that they would be doing mankind a religious service in relieving the world of his presence, it seems surprising that he should rattle on with his jeers and defiance and contempt, without apparently a thought of danger. His conduct in this regard demonstrates that he is untruthful, even in his denunciations; for if the labor organizations were engineered by socialists and cutthroats, as he alleges, his tenure of life in a country without an army to defend him and a guard to attend his every footstep, would be as short as that of the Czar of Russia within arm's length of a nihilist's dagger.

A FASTIDIOUS JUDGE.

The Montreal Judge who has decided that Michael Angelo's "Night" and "Morning" are indecently nude statues must have queer ideas as regards both decency and art. Michael Angelo was a devout Catholic, one of the most religious men of his time, and the statues condemned by the Montreal Dogberry have stood for centuries in a Christian church. The mind that can connect indecency with such works of art must be an uncommonly nasty one.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says: "Barnum has offered to establish a zoological garden on the reclaimed Potomac flats, to be opened at a nominal price of admission, if Congress will give him thirty acres of ground for the purpose." Barnum's shrewdness as a showman is on the wane or he would know that a zoological garden at Washington could never compete with the menagerie of congressmen.

It is perhaps well that the ocean intervenes between the dime museums and Prince Krapotkin, the anarchist, who is described as short, bald, wrinkled, yellow and toothless.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Con. T. Murphy has written a play for Joe Murphy.

The circus season may now be said to be in full blast.

Robert Mantell appears to be in demand for next season.

Can't some one induce Lew Weed to sit on that cake of ice to day?

Harry Gilbert is organizing a company to play the interior towns.

A circus clown with a new joke is said to be on the road. We don't believe it.

It is an undeniable fact that Rose Coghlan's season has been a very bad one.

Lester and Allen's minstrel company will follow "Zozo" at the Grand Opera House.

A new play is called "A Bit of Scandal." We hope it is not a tale of professional life.

The Juvenile "Mikado" Company is on the road again. It is hard to down a young Jap.

It is said that scarlet stockings will produce eczema. Serio comics should remember this.

The Chicago papers claim that Carl Rankin is the best burnt cork comedian in the business.

Fred and Victoria Vokes will probably be members of their sister Rosina's company next season.

The Frost-Van Amberg circus is said to have struck a frost on salary day. The show is in California.

Modjeska is said to want the earth, and as no manager has it on hand she will probably manage herself next season.

Pretty Maggie Harold, of the Murray & Murphy company, is the wife of the popular comedian, W. Davidge, Jr.

Frazer Coulter and D. J. Maguinnis have been engaged to play prominent parts in Kate Forsythe's new comedy, "Stella."

Raymond Holmes and Sydney Cowell, who are to be married shortly, will essay a starring tour in a new play next season.

George Rogers was announced as the new manager of the Zoo theatre, Indianapolis, but failed to show up the duca for the rent.

"Oliver Grumble" proved a failure at the London Novelty, and Willie Edouin closed the house and his season on April 17.

Ben Tuthill (Ida Mulla's husband) has succeeded Paul Nicholson as general agent of Stetson's traveling "Mikado" company.

Annie Leaf is the name of a young and pretty Australian prima donna—in fact, a regular gold leaf for some enterprising manager.

Manager W. J. Gilmore, of the Central theatre, Philadelphia, will go to Europe early in the summer in search of vaudeville novelties.

Myra Goodwin is having her play "Sis" reconstructed for next season, when she will introduce banjo solos and other special features.

Ada Boshell will shortly withdraw from the "Arcadia" company to play a comic part in Geo. Clarke's new play, "A Strange Disappearance."

Lotta is having a magnificent house built in New York. Mrs. Crabtree is busily engaged overlooking the workmen and designing the furniture.

Wm. Welsh has joined Tony Hart's "Toy Pistol" company. We hope it won't go off and hurt Billy as badly as did the genuine "Moke Festival."

Joe Emmett is not in the cowboy country. The wild Western men are anxious to see the man who has been half-shot so often and still lives.

Mrs. Edward Harrigan, wife of the New York manager, who for several days was at the point of death, is now much improved, although still unable to go out.

It is reported that it was temper and not illness that caused Miss Kate Forsyth to retire from the John T. Raymond company, but whose temper is not stated.

If there is anything in Lillian Spencer as an actress the combined work of Robert Filkins and Nat Childs ought to make her a great star in a very short time.

Manager Gabriel, of the Vine street, is preparing for a number of sporting events, and hopes to make his theatre the house of the city for this class of entertainment.

What does a dentist want with an advertisement in a dramatic paper, when the "square" is full of actors looking for something to use the teeth they have left on?

From Oregon we receive a letter from Bebe Vinlag and Willet Seaman, of the Thompson Opera company, requesting us to deny the report that they were married.

Since Hughey Dougherty has been in San Francisco he has had his voice taken out and fled. The report that he now sings worse than ever cannot possibly be believed.

Manager J. J. Collins, of "The Strangers of Paris," puts it this way: "It is better to play at popular prices and make money than to charge \$1 a head—and starve."

J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson, now touring the eastern circuit, will present "Nobody's Claim" at the Howard next week. This engagement will close their season.

Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. Banks, has translated from the French a comedy which she calls "A French Marriage," and Miss Helen Daavray is now reading the play.

Mad. Judic is said to be engaged to a well-known collaborator of the Figaro, the author of "La Femme a Papa" and other pieces expressly written for that charming actress.

The widow and child of Col. Robert J. Filkins, who recently died very suddenly in Wichita, Kan., are reported in destitute circumstances in Chicago, and a benefit is talked of.

Dr. "Ham" Griffen says that "Our Mary" is going to rest for two years. While we dislike very much to lose Mary's efforts for so long a lapse, we can stand it if she will retire the doctor with her.

Will Comly and Jim Barton, who tried managing for several years with rather indifferent success, have settled down in commercial life, the former in Chicago and the latter in New York.

The report has been started that none of the ballet girls in "Zozo" are over twenty years of age. If this is true they could turn the show into a museum during the summer months and get rich.

Edwin Hoff and Mountjoy Walker, of McCaull's company, are both Virginians, and both go back as opera singers to cities where they were not so very long ago known only as church choir singers.

Carrie Swain is doing her best to make a success of "Jack in the Box" through New England, but it is up-hill work, and while the audiences appear to desire Carrie Swain, they are decidedly opposed to her play.

Mrs. John Drew, the manageress of the Arch Street theatre, in Philadelphia, is completing the arrangements for a starring tour next season in the characters that she formerly played with Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

Thank God! There is one actress who is willing to be photographed, wrinkles and all the marks of time. This lady is Mad. Janauscheck. It is safe to say that few, if any, of our other passe stars would, or could, be truthful.

"Some one has invented a theatre hat that shuts up, to be worn by ladies." That's all right. Now let the same party invent something that will hold a young man in his seat between the acts, and two nuisances will be abated.

The baby elephant is dead. It's lucky that they don't plant elephants in graveyards, or we'd have to build over into the Atlantic ocean. If elephants go to heaven there can't be much room for anybody else to indulge in a fly.

Fred Berger has bought himself a newspaper at Grand Rapids, Mich., and has associated Lloyd Breeze with him in its conduct. It is safe to say that the Morning Telegram will "roast" every company that plays in Grand Rapids hereafter.

Mr. Oscanyan has completed a new society drama for Miss Fanny Davenport to appear next season. It will be submitted shortly to Mr. Edwin H. Price for approval. The play is very much on the "Fedora" order, with the scene laid in Paris.

Pat Rooney is busy making preparations for next season, when he will pose as a comedian in the legitimate, having had a play written for his peculiar talents. Pat is on the down grade and even a play won't save him. For a Mr. E. he is entirely too conceited.

Signor Cherubini, of the Mapleson Opera company, proved himself anything but a cherub last Sunday in San Francisco. On that day he assaulted Ike Belasco, a brother of Dave Belasco, with a knife, for which he was arrested on Wednesday and put under bail.

Augustin Daly is compassionate at times. He has actually taken Lizzie St. Quentin into the fold of his exclusive and only American comedy company. The provincials owe Mr. Daly a lasting debt of gratitude for his noble and generous regard for people so grievously afflicted.

Charlie Wing has just finished his two years' contract with M. B. Curtis. The association has been one of genuine appreciation on the part of both. Yet, Wing declines to go with Curtis to Australia. Charlie's mother is in feeble health and he deems it his duty to remain near her.

They have a story in Cleveland that Miss Lotta wrote in an album: "I am an angel," from her play of "Nitouche." Miss Rosina Vokes came along a week afterward, and, on being handed the same album, wrote on the next page, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil," from "Barnaby Rudge."

Mr. William Gillette, at the conclusion of his season with "The Private Secretary" company, about June 1, will retire from the stage and devote his time to play writing, taking up his residence at Hartford, Ct. Mr. Leonard Grover, Jr., has been engaged for a short season to succeed Mr. Gillette in "The Private Secretary."

Mr. Quincy Kilby, of Faurot's Opera House, Lima, O., has leased Davis' Opera House, at Findlay, in the same State, and will run both houses himself. It is rumored he intends to lease a number of theatres around Lima, and make a circuit of his own, which he will superintend, being tall enough to look 50 miles around Lima.

Little Daisy Ramsden is undoubtedly one of the strongest magnets of the Lydia Thompson company. Why, she is a whole cube of oxygen in herself! Her dancing is the very quintessence of agility and grace. Gifted with a remarkably naive and winsome manner, and more than an ordinary degree of acting ability, she is a most valuable member of an organization that is noted for its gifted and pretty women.

The trustees of Mt. Moriah cemetery in Philadelphia have presented the trustees of the McCullough monument fund with a plot of ground 30 feet square, and will also incur all the expense of a vault. The offer has been accepted, and the body of the tragedian and also that of his son will be interred as soon as the vault can be built to receive them. It is said that the total amount thus far collected for the monument fund is less than \$1,000. The former members of Mr. McCullough's company are contemplating giving two performances at the New York Academy the coming summer for the benefit of the fund.

May 10 is the date fixed upon for the appearance of Mr. Edwin Booth and Sig. Salvini at the Boston theatre. They will give four performances—two of "Othello," one with the Italian tragedian in the title role and the American as Iago, and one with the parts reversed, one of "King Lear," with Sig. Salvini as Lear and Mr. Booth as Edgar, and one of "Hamlet," with Mr. Booth as the melancholy Dane and Sig. Salvini as the King. Messrs. Louis Aldrich and Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright have been engaged, but the report that Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoefel would be one of the company is entirely without foundation. She will be playing with the Madison Square company, at the Park theatre, at the time.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

The Opening League Game.

We illustrate on a full page the scenes and incident of the opening League game at the Polo Grounds, when the New Yorks beat the Bostonians after an exciting contest.

She Was Real Mad.

We illustrate this week the recent row on the stage at Springfield, Ill., between the prima donna of the Milan Opera Company and her manager. After she had "shown him up" on the stage she tried to go behind the curtain, but the latter prevented her and quite a struggle ensued.

A Virginian at the Opera.

Just as charming Lizzie Burton was singing her third encore in "Maid of Honor," April 26, at the National Theatre, a tall, lean, long-haired Virginian came down the middle aisle, sat down in a front seat and deliberately pulled off his boots and put his feet upon the rail around the musicians. Several ladies seated near by left the opera in disgust. The individual was probably a politician whose boots ached from walking to town and through the corridors of the Executive departments in a vain struggle to secure an "appointment" in recognition of his distinguished party services.

Lady Students Not Welcome.

The surgeons in the operating room at the City Hospital, Boston, have stopped work because of the appearance of a physician connected with an Essex street medical college, accompanied by a number of female students, the presence of the latter being against the rules of the institution. The rules provide that no one shall be allowed to be present at private operations on days other than Fridays without the consent of the surgeons performing the operations, and then only gentlemen who are studying or practicing medicine. These female students have made several attempts to witness private surgical operations, and have been compelled to retire by the surgeons in charge. They have presented a petition for admission to the operating room to the Board of Trustees, who are considering the advisability of granting their request.

A Bloody Tragedy.

A special to the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times from Manchester, Coffee county, Tenn., gives the details of a bloody tragedy enacted there shortly after midnight, April 26, in which Deputy United States Marshal Webb Purdon of Manchester and a moonshiner named Clark were killed and three other moonshiners fatally wounded. About ten days ago Purdon accompanied Deputy Marshal Hughes on a raid among the illicit distilleries of Grundy county, Tennessee, and captured and destroyed several stills. Between 12 and 1 o'clock fifteen moonshiners rode into Manchester, determined to have Purdon's life. Seven broke into his house, and the balance surrounded it. Purdon met them as they entered with a revolver, and a terrible battle ensued. Two moonshiners fell to the floor mortally wounded, and the gang retreated, but they had succeeded in fatally wounding Purdon. Disabled as he was, he seized a double-barreled shot gun and fired into the retreating gang, and two fell mortally wounded. Purdon then fell dead beside the body of one of his victims. The gang carried off three of their wounded companions.

Parted By Death This Time.

Mrs. Clara L. Greer, of Newark, N. J., while walking with her husband, William A. Greer, senior member of the firm of W. A. Greer & Co., lace dealers in New York city, all at once pressed her hands to her head and fell in her husband's arms. Detective Chas. Glori, who was passing, helped to convey Mrs. Greer to a drug store, but she died upon the threshold.

The couple were married about a year ago, her maiden name being Clara L. Nichols, and she lived in Newark. They went to housekeeping in Elizabeth, but it is stated, the husband accused the wife of being addicted to the habitual use of narcotics. They separated, and Mrs. Greer went to live at her home, No. 18 Warren place, Newark. The husband took up his residence at No. 503 Clinton street, Brooklyn. It is alleged that when Mr. Greer told his wife's brother that she used narcotics a personal altercation ensued. Mrs. Greer was suffering from nervous prostration and malaria, her friends claim, and she was placed under the care of Dr. William Hayden, of Newark. For several weeks Mr. Greer tried to effect a reconciliation, and on Monday night he went to Newark, and after a long talk with his wife they agreed to go to housekeeping again. They started out for a walk, and it was while discussing her future plans that the young wife died. Mrs. Greer was very pretty. Her face was oval and her features regular and delicate.

Invaded By Mexicans.

The town of Collins, a station on the Texas division of the Mexican National Railroad, and about 40 miles west of Corpus Christi, was surprised and captured by a large band of armed Mexicans. Pickets were posted by them at the entrance of streets, while the town proper was patrolled by an armed squad. These precautions having been taken, parties of armed men visited and searched every house in the town for P. M. Coy, the deputy sheriff, who with an armed posse ran to cover and captured Andres Martinez and Jose Maria Cardena, two Mexican outlaws and horse thieves, who were brought to Collins Sunday, the 14th inst., and left in care of Constable Johnson. During that night the constable's house was surrounded by a body of masked men. He was alarmed and the manacled prisoners, while pleading for mercy, were literally riddled with bullets.

The search for Deputy Sheriff Coy having proved fruitless, as he was absent in another portion of the county, they raised the siege and rapidly rode away. It is believed that this party were friends of Andres Martinez, one of the murdered men. He was the scion of a wealthy family, and it was for the purpose of avenging his death that this bold raid was made. Senor Martinez has offered \$1,000 reward for the capture and punishment of the murderers of his son.

The enmity against Deputy Sheriff Coy by the Mexican population in Nueces and the adjoining counties in Southwestern Texas is deadly, and is engendered by his fearless vigilance and success in ferreting out and running down the horse thieves and other lawless desperadoes who infest this portion of the State.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Dr. Bristol Before the Bar.

The sensational trial of the Rev. Dr. George R. Bristol, indicted in January for rape, alleged to have been committed on Ida Downs, a young girl whom he had taken from the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum to rear to self-respecting womanhood, was begun last Monday at Nyack, N. Y., before Judge Charles F. Brown in the new City Court House, the county seat of Rockland county. The court room was crowded. There were many women present. Most of them are church members, and they have clung to Dr. Bristol in spite of everything.

The action at law is brought against Dr. Bristol by Stephen H. Burr and others. It was to Mr. Burr, outside of the Bristol household, Ida Downs first related that Dr. Bristol had forced her to yield to his desires. Ida is a pretty girl with dark eyes, clear complexion and a plump figure. She has lived in Brooklyn ever since the trouble at Dr. Bristol's house began, and has none of the timid, crushed look she wore three months ago. He is defended by Judge Groo, of Orange; W. F. Howe, and J. S. Moss, of Howe & Hummel.

There are two indictments against him, one for rape in a bedroom in his house on Dec. 10, the other in the kitchen on Dec. 18. District Attorney Aaron A. Demarest elected to try Dr. Bristol on the second indictment for the crime alleged to have been committed in the kitchen.

Puppy, Baby and Slipper.

Herman Spahn, a silk importer of New York, while on a visit to Lyons, France, in 1880, was, after a month's acquaintance, married to Marie Louise Deloviere by United States Consul Benjamin Peixotto, and brought his wife to America. They went to live at 265 South Fifth street, Williamsburgh. Mme. Spahn was young, petite and fond of life. Her husband was ten or twelve years her senior. She knew no one in Williamsburgh and grew lonely. She told her husband, it is alleged, of Col. Jossereau of the French army, who had told her in Lyons that he was her father. This fact had been kept secret on account of the persons who were supposed to be her parents. The Colonel was invited to visit Williamsburgh and came. Later, Spahn ordered Col. Jossereau from his house. Mme. Spahn returned to her home in Lyons, and Col. Jossereau went with her. Her husband lived with her after this in Lyons. On her return to America in August, 1882, Mme. Spahn was served with a summons in a divorce suit brought by her husband. The ground of the divorce was alleged adultery with Jossereau. A commission was sent to France to take testimony, and this was forwarded to the Supreme Court of the State of New York. The case was tried before Judge Van Brunt and a jury about two months ago, and the charge and counter charge of adultery was dismissed.

In her answer to this original suit Mme. Spahn charged her husband not only with unfaithfulness, but with extreme cruelty and abandonment, and this issue was tried before Judge Van Brunt without a jury in the Supreme Court, Special Term, April 27th. Both principals were present, Marie with her little girl of five years, and as the parties were leaving the court room Spahn followed his wife, and attempting to caress the little one, was distinctly repulsed.

Mme. Spahn was the first witness as to her husband's cruelty. She is a little woman, and wore a black dress and a crane hat, in mourning for her father, Deloviere, who died a year ago or less. Her husband, a black-haired, grizzled Frenchman, sat on the extreme edge of his chair, his head high in the air, and listened excitedly to her testimony.

Mme. Spahn spoke English with a pleasant accent and in French idioms. Frequently when at a loss for words she would paralyze the court stenographer by dropping into French without warning for a few sentences, and then as suddenly resuming her English. She told the story of the alleged abandonment in Lyons. Her husband had sent her word that thenceforth they must live apart, and the next day she saw a notice to some such effect in a newspaper. She went to her husband's room at the hotel where he was stopping. He came to the door, and in the presence of a servant drove her away, declaring that she was an intruder and he did not know her. Since that time he had not contributed to her support or that of her child.

Mme. Spahn was cross-examined by Lawyer Charles F. McLane. She recited the particulars of her efforts to secure a separation. She made up her mind to leave Spahn in May, 1882, but went home to Lyons to consult with her father and mother. She did not know where Spahn had formerly lived.

"I never," she said, "asked where my husband went before I married him. That is not my business."

She said that when she told her husband she would leave him he warned her to look out, or he would



The irate spouse.

make such a scandal as would destroy her name and her family's.

The three occasions when it was charged that Spahn used violence to his wife were in December, 1880, and in May and June, 1882. Life had become a burden, she testified, and she had told her husband it would be impossible to live as they had lived for two years. Tears came to the eyes of the witness during this testimony. She said she went to a lawyer, and when asked how often, replied, "Every time we had a scene."

On Dec. 8, 1880, Spahn came home to dinner, she said. He did not greet her pleasantly.

"He never did," she explained, "for you know he is not very pleasant. I saw it was his business."

There were present Mme. Muset, the servant, and her son, Mr. Spahn, Madame and the dog. After dinner she washed the dog and took it up stairs to dry by her fire. She was holding the pup in her lap.

"My husband said, 'You love the dog better than you do me.' That was the beginning of the trouble. My husband ordered the dog down. I wouldn't listen to him. Then he kicked the dog and me. He said, 'I am boss here, and my orders should be obeyed whether you like it or not. You must mind me.' I told him the dog couldn't help it, and would take cold if I don't dry him. He said, 'Very well.'"

"Did he threaten he was going to kick you?"

"No, sir. I wouldn't be so stupid as to sit there."

She said the kick hurt her and dislodged the dog.

"Sure enough, after this Spahn, as usual on all such occasions, went away. He came back in two days like a lamb."

The next occasion was early in May, 1881, on a cer-



He kicks the dog.

tain Sunday noon. They were about to sit down to dinner, and Mr. Spahn said he was very hungry. Mme. Spahn said, "Wait a minute. I put the baby to bed." He complained that the baby was always in bed when he was at home, and then other things were said which neither meant, but which, if they had meant them, would have been fatal to any mutual respect. Mr. Spahn insisted that the baby should sit next to him at the table. Madame said it should go up stairs to bed. He seized the baby, and the nurse took the baby from him, and then, Mme. Spahn says, her husband seized his slipper and struck her in the face, giving her an eye "like that," and she held the concave palm of her hand over her eye to denote the swelling. She admitted that a man didn't know how to care for a baby, and so as Mr. Spahn insisted on directing how the child should be cared for they quarreled.

Later in May or early in June was the third alleged violence. She displeased her husband, and he "was terribly mad." He scolded, she retorted. She said she would go away. He said he would shoot her if she did, and he drew his revolver and aimed it at her. She disarmed her husband, and carried the loaded pistol to the Williamsburgh Fifth police precinct station, and gave it to Sergeant Brennan. Spahn then locked himself in a room up stairs and barricaded the door.

Dr. Schütz, of Williamsburgh, testified to the bruises over Mme. Spahn's eye and leg. Capt. Brennan, now of the Sixteenth precinct, but in 1881 a sergeant in the Fifth precinct police station, said that Mrs. Spahn had brought him the loaded pistol as he had said.

Lawyer McLane, for Mr. Spahn, then moved that the suit be dismissed so far as it related to the charge

of abandonment, because, he said, when Spahn left his wife he offered her 500 francs or 600 francs a month if she would stay in France, and she declined it, demanding 1,000 francs. The Judge denied the motion.

Herman Spahn, the husband, then took the stand. He was nervous. His voice was in a high key and his brow was wrinkled. Threads of gray were in his hair and beard. He was questioned regarding the three several occasions when Madame charged him with having attacked her with force. He explained away the dog story in this wise. They were about to play cards and the dog was brought in. He ordered it out, and tried to take it from Madame, but wasn't able to do so. Madame, he said, was of an excitable disposition, and held the dog in spite of him. He didn't remember striking her with a slipper. In the case of the baby there was just such a scuffle as over the dog. He denied striking his wife then. He wouldn't strike a woman with a child in her arms, he said, and wouldn't want to injure the child. He also denied ever having carried a revolver, or having attempted or threatened to shoot Madame.

Rudolph Ita testified that he was present at the quarrel over the dog, and there was no kicking on Mr. Spahn's part. Mme. Spahn was recalled to deny that Ita was present.

Benj. F. Peixotto, ex-Consul for the United States at Lyons, France, testified to marrying Mr. and Mrs. Spahn, and to their quarrel and his subsequent efforts to bring about a reconciliation. They both complained of incompatibility, and he failed to reunite them. Tiffen Spahn authorized him to offer Madame 600 francs a month to remain in France, and she demanded 1,000 francs.



The nurse saves the baby.

This was the substance of the testimony on both sides. The case was then submitted without argument, and Judge Van Brunt reserved his decision.

WAR ON MOTHER HUBBARDS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Burlington, N. J., is all agog on the question of "Mother Hubbard" costumes. The fuss was started by something that happened on April 24. Miss Ella Hammel, a well-known belle, appeared at Broad and High street in a Mother Hubbard dress. As she walked down High street she heard a shout, and saw a dozen men behind her. She hastened on, but a mob filled High street, uttering insulting epithets. Some missiles were thrown, and, almost beside herself with terror, Miss Hammel hurried into a drug store. Capt. Hays, the Chief of Police, was sent for, and escorted Miss Hammel to her home.

The crowd yelled awhile outside the Hammel mansion, but was finally dispersed by the police. It is understood that Col. John Hammel will take legal proceedings against the men who started the hue and cry after his daughter.

Next morning Mayor Gilpatrick forbade the wearing of Mother Hubbards on the streets of Burlington except under certain restrictions. Young ladies will hereafter be allowed to wear them as loosely as they please while seated on the steps of their own residences, or on their own grounds. They will also be allowed to wear them under the sanction of the law in the streets if the dresses are belted, but not otherwise, if the girls are alone. If they have escorts they can wear Mother Hubbards as much in the flowing boudoir fashion as they choose, in any part of the town, both in the day and the evening. These regulations, it is explained, are simply for the sake of protecting the girls of Burlington from the wrath of the populace, and are not intended especially as reflecting upon the dress itself. Miss Hammel, who was very



He aims a pistol at her.

much excited by her narrow escape from the crowd's wrath, is lying quite ill with nervous prostration.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

FOR STICK HEADACHE.

Dr. N. S. REED, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Sgt. George J. McNamee, of the St. Louis Police Department, is considered one of the finest-looking officers on the force. Some time ago he displayed his bravery and skill in arresting the principals in the dynamite sensation which startled St. Louis at the time. Sgt. McNamee personally is a great favorite among the rank and file of the department and the citizens of that good city.

Edward Landey.

In this issue we publish a portrait of the winner of the McKenzie silver cup in the recent pool tournament at Boston.

Charles Edwards, of Boston, Mass.

This noted fifteen-ball pool expert, who is a native of Taunton, Mass., and twenty-two years of age, won the "Police Gazette" medal, which was the first prize, in the great fifteen-ball pool tournament at Boston, Mass.

Frank Marshall, of Boston, Mass.

This popular sporting man is well known throughout New England. He has filled the position of referee and judge in several notable sporting events. He was also referee in the recent pool tournament at Boston.

Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Paddy Smith of New York, now residing in Brooklyn. He stands five feet eight inches and weighs 140 pounds. He has figured in several battles, having defeated Jack Hopper twice, and fought a draw with Billy Frazier at the Crib Club, Boston.

W. J. McMeen.

Last Saturday, after three hours of weary suspense, the jury in the case of W. J. McMeen, on trial for the murder of his wife Nancy, brought in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The majority of people in the vicinity of Millintown, Pa., are satisfied with the trial and verdict.

George B. Stacey, alias George Wilson.

This crook, better known as the "Peoria kid," was arrested by Captain Martin of the Montgomery, Ala., police. His capture is considered a good one by hotel keepers and police officials in the South, where he has worked his game for some time. Many a drummer will be happy to see his face in this paper and know that he is safe behind the bars.

Chas. McKenzie.

This famous sporting man was the promoter of the pool tournament for the championship of Massachusetts. He is well known and very popular in New England. He is now arranging one for the professional championship, for which the POLICE GAZETTE will offer a valuable gold medal, which will be typical of the championship of Massachusetts.

Tom White, alias Curly Tom.

Tom is one of the most expert hotel workers in the country. He is also a clever safe blower: his celebrated work is well known through the South, which he has worked to the queen's taste. Many traveling men and police officers in these States will be pleased to make a strong note of this crook's face, and to know that he is under lock and key, having been arrested recently by Capt. Martin, of the Montgomery, Ala., police.

James Titus.

The circumstantial evidence gathered so closely around the janitor of the institution where Tillie Smith was murdered has at last caused his arrest. The clever work of Detective McClellan puts Titus in a very dangerous light, and he now awaits the action of the Grand Jury to decide if he shall stand trial for the cruel murder of the poor girl who met her death so suddenly at Hackettstown, N. J. On another page we publish excellent portraits of the poor girl, Janitor Titus and the skillful state detective, John F. McClellan. They are from photographs furnished specially for this paper.

Mike Cushing.

Mike Cushing, the amateur boxer, was born in Elizabethport, N. J., Aug. 6, 1865, stands 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 128 pounds. First battle fought at Elm Park, S. I., with James Clarke, beating him in 10 rounds, lasting 42 minutes, March 17, 1883; knocked out Joe Harris, who weighed 180 pounds, 2 rounds, 4 minutes, at Elizabeth, Feb. 7, 1884; beat Ned Hannigan, for gold watch, 3 rounds, New York city, April 12, 1884; beat Jim Liddy, at Coney Island, for medal, 5 rounds, July 25, 1885; boxed with Jack McCauliff, at Madden's tournament, May 12, 1885, 4 rounds; another round was ordered and Cushing was disqualified for clinching; won the New York Athletic Club competition Feb. 27, 1886, beating J. L. Day, Jim Barry, Horton and Wm. Ellingsworth.



ALFRED FOLLIN,
THE CLEVER AND POPULAR YOUNG JOURNALIST WHO HAS TURNED ACTOR.



SELINA DOLARO,
THE HANDSOME AND BRILLIANT ACTRESS AND PRIMA DONNA NOW LYING AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

Alfred Follin.

Among the few really promising young American actors of the day is Mr. Alfred Follin, whose portrait we publish on this page. He used to be a journalist, but has in three seasons become the most eagerly sought of all young leading men.

Selina Dolaro.

The big benefit which took place at Wallack's theatre on Sunday week was for the benefit of

Mme. Selina Dolaro, whose portrait we publish on this page. She is a woman of singular ability, who, after a brilliant professional career in England and the United States, is now lying dangerously ill in New York. In private life she is, easily, the brightest and most fascinating of actresses. There is just a bare hope that her life may be saved by her removal to a warmer climate.

MINNIE MADDEN will relinquish "In Spite of All" next season, and again star in "Caprice."



PARTED AT LAST BY DEATH.
YOUNG MRS. CLARA L. GREER OF NEWARK, N. J., DROPS DEAD IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS
AT THE VERY MOMENT OF THEIR RECONCILIATION AFTER A QUARREL.



MRS. GODDARD EXPLAINS.
SHE CHASES HER RECREANT HUSBAND INTO A NEW YORK BARBER SHOP AND THERE GIVES
HIM A PIECE OF HER MIND.



W. J. McMEEN,
CONVICTED OF MURDERING HIS WIFE NANCY,
IN THE FIRST DEGREE, MIFFLINTOWN, PA.



TOM WHITE ALIAS CURLY TOM,
A CLEVER HOTEL WORKER, NOTORIOUS IN THE
SOUTH, ARRESTED AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.



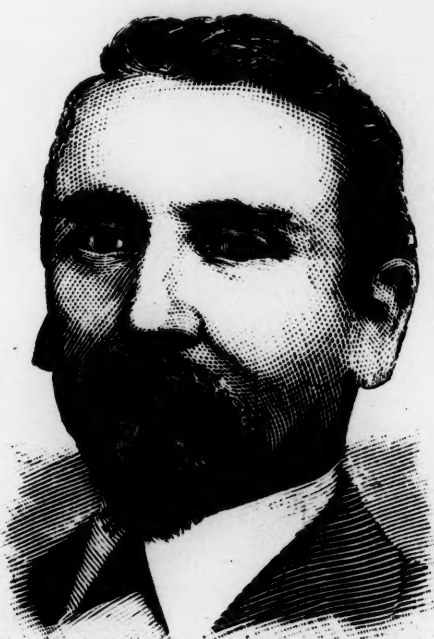
GEORGE B. STACEY ALIAS GEORGE WILSON,
ANOTHER HOTEL WORKER CAPTURED BY CAPT.
MARTIN WITH WHITE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.



D. R. SMART,
THE "SMART" AGENT WHO GOT TO MONTREAL
WITH \$45,000 AND COMPROMISED FOR \$25,000.



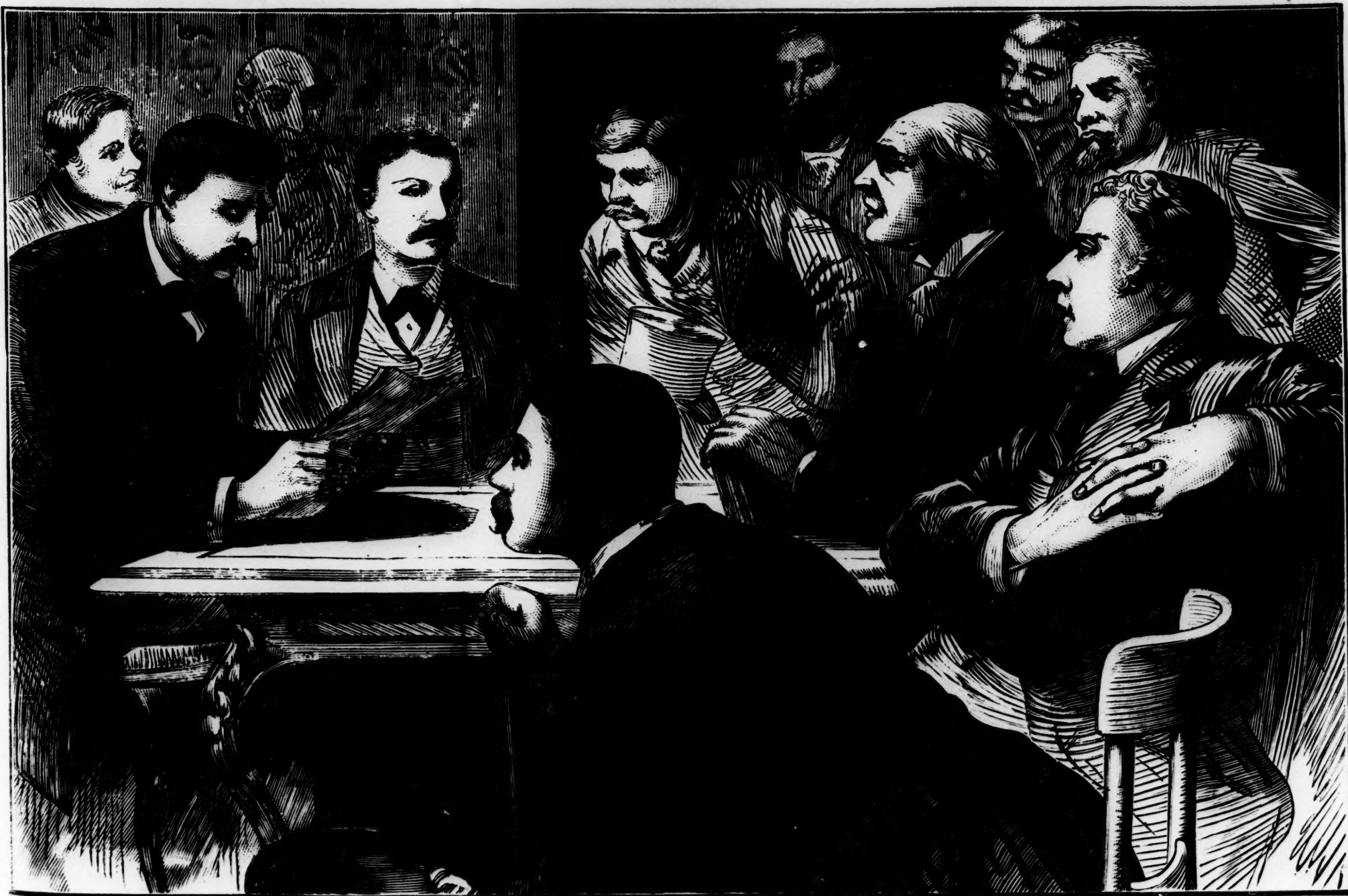
JANITOR JAMES TITUS,
ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF TILLIE SMITH AT
HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.



JOHN F. McCLALLEN,
THE CLEVER STATE DETECTIVE WORKING UP
THE TILLIE SMITH MURDER.



TILLIE SMITH,
THE POOR GIRL WHO WAS SO BRUTALLY CHOKED TO
DEATH AT HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.



IS HE GUILTY?

THE MIDNIGHT ARRAIGNMENT OF JANITOR TITUS BEFORE JUSTICE YOUNGBLOOD AT HACKETTSTOWN, N. J., ON THE CHARGE OF OUTRAGING AND MURDERING POOR LITTLE TILLIE SMITH.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

The Sad Story of Mrs. Cline, of Chicago, and the Still Sorrier Fate of Annie Donohue, of Manchester.

LUST'S CRUEL CONQUESTS.

A slight, pale-faced, weakly-looking young woman reclined on a bunk at the armory police station in Chicago, the other night, unable to speak above a whisper and evidently breathing with much difficulty. Her name is Mrs. Nellie Cline, and she had the preceding afternoon attempted to take her life by drowning in the lake at the foot of Hubbard court. A young man named John Doctor, who saw her plunge into the



The victim.

water, jumped for her, and, after a short struggle, succeeded in landing her half-drowned on the shore. When consciousness returned to her she was in a patrol wagon on the way to the police station. In a low voice she told a strangely sad and pitiful story. Ten years ago she was a happy school girl living with her parents at Hyde Park, her age being then fifteen. By chance she met a handsome, entertaining stranger named Cline, whose Christian name she refused to divulge, and she readily listened to his honeyed words, until she became greatly enamored of him. Like a sensible girl, however, she refused to receive his addresses without the knowledge of her parents. To this he did not demur, and he was therefore introduced to the Crane household. His character proving satisfactory, he was encouraged in his visits by the young girl and when, after a short courtship, he proposed for the hand of Nellie, he was unhesitatingly accepted. Bishop Cheney performed the marriage service, and the youthful pair were sent on their marital voyage with the good wishes of all who knew them. For the first two years she was a happy woman in the love of her husband and knew not the pangs of sorrow. Gradually, however, her husband



The vampire.

grew cruel and harsh, and eventually began to abuse and ill-treat her, so much so that she again made her home with her parents. The entreaties of her husband and his promises of future better behavior caused her to again cast her lot with him. His contrition was but of short duration, however, for he soon began his abusive treatment. On the advice of her relatives she applied for and secured a divorce after five years of wedded life. For two years after this she kept aloof from him, but one day while walking about her home she was startled at sight of a gentleman peering over the garden fence at her and making signals to attract her attention. She looked closer and discovered that it was her ex-husband who desired to speak to her. Her first thought was to fly to the house, but as he did not appear to be angry she walked to the fence and spoke to him. The interview lasted a considerable time. The old scenes of their first years of married life were recalled, protestations of undying love and eternal faithfulness were again made, and—well, the old story was gone through with and she again married the man who had all but wrecked her young life. Her parents and brothers strenuously objected and threatened her with disinheritance did she listen to the fellow's words.



Bound and gagged.

Her love for him, however, was stronger than that for home, and she left, and was remarried to him by Justice Prindiville three years ago. For a year they seemed happy, when again he began his ill-treatment and abuse. One year after this second marriage the local press printed a sensational story of a young woman having been found in her room on State street bound and gagged, and robbed of every cent she possessed. This woman was the subject of this story, and the villain was her husband. After committing the outrage he ran away from her and she has not seen him since. When she recovered from his shocking treatment she found her relatives steeled against her, even her two brothers, both of whom are doing well to-day, one being in the city employ and the other engaged in mercantile pursuits. In this strait she faced the world and began the earning of her own livelihood. Eventually she succeeded in getting employment at the Boston store, where, up to three weeks ago, she was a saleslady. Her broodings over her great wrongs caused her to become dejected and melancholy, and three weeks ago she took sick and was confined to her room, where she was attended by a Mrs. Klusley on State street, with whom she resided. Becoming desperate at the gloomy, dark life which stretched before her, she determined to die. The result of her determination is related above.

Annie Donohue Drugged.

Nothing since the Parker murder, forty years ago, in the investigation of which and trial of suspected



They call for drinks.

parties Franklin Pierce and Benjamin F. Butler took a conspicuous part. Counsel, has so stirred Manchester, N. H., as did the mysterious death of Annie Donohue, two weeks ago, in a low hotel in Elm street. Sensational developments have followed one upon another. First, the discovery of the beautiful girl of sixteen years dead and alone on that fateful early morning set the city agog. Then came the demand for an inquiry, followed by the apparent reluctance of

amid the greatest public excitement. The testimony was very contradictory. Gilman Clough, real estate owner, worth \$100,000, confessed to having been carousing with Annie Donohue and a companion, Lulu Fay, on the fatal night. The Fay woman denied the accusation at first, but subsequently admitted as much as Mr. Clough testified to. The testimony of physicians, officers and druggists was put in, but the greatest excitement was caused by the story of Rowley B. Badger, one of the last witnesses, which put the case in an altogether new light. Badger said:

"I met the Fay girl shortly after the discovery of Annie's death and said to her: You must have had quite a good time up there that night. She said: Yes, we did. I asked her who the fellows were she was with, and she said: Mr. Clough and Norman Colby, who works in a drug store. She said the girls met the two men and they walked to the Waverly House and got champagne there. From there one of the fellows went into the City Hall drug store and procured a phial. They then walked down Elm street to Central and into Scott's saloon and drank beer there. They went from there to the Monument House, went up stairs and waited in the parlor until the gentlemen got a room. After reaching the room a bottle of liquor and some glasses were taken up to them. They had a drink around and one said: I would like a smoke, and segars were sent for. They smoked the



The fatal fall.

segars partly up, had another drink, and then smoked again. The Donohue girl set off to one side from the rest of the party. When the drinks were turned into the glasses something was turned from the phial into the Donohue girl's glass. Lulu Fay said she thought it was to get the Donohue girl 'cocked.' She said she drank every time the Donohue girl did. I asked her if she was not afraid of getting 'cocked' by drinking the same number of times, and she said: We put fine salt in our drinks so they would not have any effect on us. I asked her whose idea was to get the Donohue girl drunk, and she said the fellows wanted to get something that she did not want to give. I asked how long they stopped there. She said: Until about 11. She told me the Donohue girl was very obstinate in doing what they wanted her to do. She said she was at home at 12 o'clock. I said it was a bad thing to have a girl taken sick and die that way, and asked her how the girl happened to fall down stairs. She said she thought she got too much drink in.

"She was half or two-thirds the way down the stairs when she fell. She said she went to help the girl up and heard approaching footsteps at the head of the stairs. She said: Annie, get up; the cop is coming! and then opened the door and went home. The Fay girl told me that they had a little racket in the room. I told Dr. Wood that both men got what they wanted from the girls, and that the Fay girl and the two men fixed the liquor for the Donohue girl. I did not tell the Marshal, because I wanted somebody to hear her statement. I had no time to take any one to see the Fay girl. She did not describe to me how they put the stuff in Annie's liquor. Have seen the Fay girl frequently on the street within the last two years; would recognize her at any time. She has denied knowing me since this inquest was opened. The Fay girl said Annie was very obstinate with the men, and did not like to submit until the contents of the phial was poured into her drink. The Fay girl gave me to



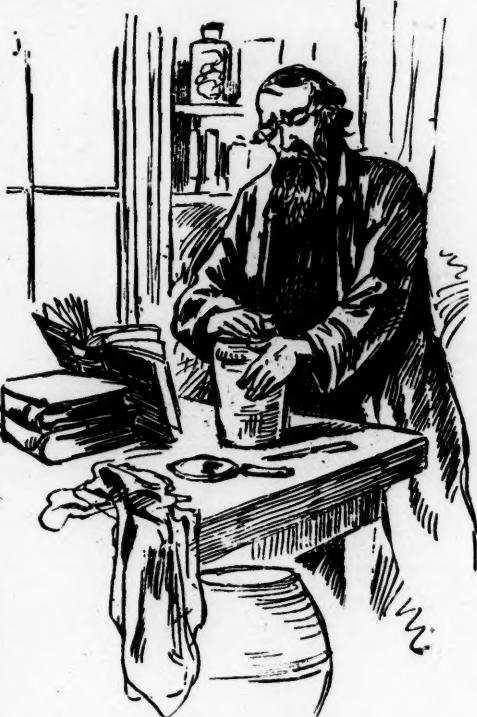
The fatal phial.

timony had all been taken the Coroner's jury held a long secret session, but failed to arrive at a verdict. Jurymen Dennis F. O'Connor refusing to subscribe to any finding until the body had again been exhumed and an analysis made of the contents of the stomach.

A MODERN JACK SHEPHERD.

The most successful effort at escape from prison walls in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, since the days of the renowned Jack Shepherd, is seen in the exploit of Louis Vlau, the convict of St. Vincent de Paul, who led the revolt of that Penitentiary, Montreal, Can. He is a man of medium height, wiry and tough, and capable of great endurance and pluck, as was proven on his flight with the prison officials a short time ago when being searched. After the revolt he was put in the dungeon on bread and water. He, in some way, secured a knife and made a saw with it. He had also a piece of a pail handle and a fragment of a stone.

With these he tunneled a wall three feet thick built of stones and bricks. This brought him to the corridor where he tunneled another wall, this time of brick. There was still another heavy wall between him and the outer air of the prison yard. By the dim light of a coal oil lamp he did the work of tunnelling this latter obstacle, leaving the rubbish in the inner passage. He had very little to do now in the way of tunnelling, but had to scale walls twenty-two feet high. Workmen had been using a derrick with which they were erecting a new wing. Climbing like a cat on this derrick, Vlau cut one of the ropes. He then with the aid of the rope climbed from the new wing to the roof of the main



Causing her viscera.

building. Here he was seen by the guard. "Go back there or I'll fire," shouted the guard, a dead shot.

The desperate convict dodged back, ran along a wall, dropped into a garden on the other side and dashed through the village, having just three hours of darkness to aid him in his escape. The Montreal city police are searching for him now.

DIED IN A BROTHEL.

Gustave Mendelson, a traveling salesman for Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, committed suicide in Milwaukee, Wis., April 21st. Mendelson arrived at Milwaukee April 19th, and put up at the Plankinton House. He spent the following night in a house of ill-repute. Arising about 5 o'clock A. M., he wrote several letters to his wife and children in Chicago, and after sealing them preparatory for posting, shot himself through the head, death being instantaneous. The letters, which were opened by the coroner, directed the disposition of his effects, and bade his family farewell. One sentence in the letter addressed to his wife was: "Nine thousand dollars is better to you than a husband badly in debt." His life is understood to have been insured for that amount. Mendelson was one of the best-known traveling men in the West, and annually sold over \$300,000 worth of goods in Milwaukee. Deceased was about forty-two years of age. He is said to have gambled heavily and to have been greatly dissipated of late.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

Wm. Rust was arrested at Kyle, Texas, April 21st, with 196 head of Mexican horses in possession supposed to have been stolen. He was brought before United States Commissioner Stevens, and for lack of further evidence the trial was postponed, Rust giving \$500. He talks very fairly and says he has no connection with horse thieves or smugglers, that the horses were bought in Nueva Leon and imported to Texas through Roma, on the Rio Grande, and the stock are valued at \$4,500.



She attempts to take her life.

the Coroner and police to move in the matter, and the girl's burial in the unblest grave the next Wednesday. The investigation continued all through the week.

IS HE GUILTY?

Janitor Titus is Arrested and Lodged in Jail for Assaulting and Murdering Poor Tillie Smith.

A STEP FORWARD ANYHOW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It was long before daylight on April 22 when Janitor Titus, the accused murderer of little Tillie Smith, was put in a carriage and driven to the jail at Belvidere, 16 miles away. Detectives Simons and McClallen called at the cottage in Sharp street, at midnight. Titus was dressed, but lay on his bed haggard and pale. He came down from his bedroom and stood in the hallway while the officers charged him with the murder and arrested him on Justice Youngblood's warrant. The prisoner pressed his thin lips together and his eyes moved restlessly, but he answered not a word. His venerable mother and his wife appeared. Neither of them spoke. Titus looked at them and then gazed moodily at the ground. His mother began to cry and twined her fingers together in anguish, but not a word was uttered. Then Lawyer George Titus, a second cousin of the prisoner, demanded an immediate hearing before a magistrate. Titus was marched down the main street to the house of Justice Youngblood between the two detectives. He was perfectly silent. Within a few minutes a large party assembled in the parlor.

It was a strange picture and a strange hour. The white-haired, lean magistrate sat in an easy-chair with a pillow at his back. The prisoner sank into a chair close by and crossed his legs. Prosecutor Smith, dark-eyed and strong-featured, looked intently at the accused man's pinched and wasted countenance as if trying to read his thoughts. Fat Assemblyman Tom Titus filled up one corner of the room, and near him was Detective Simons. Two reporters, Lawyer Titus and several elderly gentlemen completed the picturesque group. Lawyer Titus was silently studying the warrant, and for several minutes no one said anything. The silence was so painful that when the Justice coughed everybody started. At last Lawyer Titus asked that the evidence upon which the arrest was made be produced, and that a hearing be had on the spot.

Prosecutor Smith said the State was not prepared to go into a hearing and would not be for several days, as witnesses had to be brought from the State of New York. He said that the Grand Jury would meet next Wednesday, and that if the prisoner was indicted then he could be committed without a hearing. Then the Prosecutor, the prisoner and his lawyer retired to another room for a moment and when they returned the lawyer waived the right of examination and a commitment to jail was made out.

Titus was taken back to his house to wait until 4 o'clock, the hour for his removal. He went to his bedroom, undressed and lay upon the bed. Detective Simons sat at the foot of the bed and watched him. The prisoner curled himself up and buried his head under the bedclothes with his hands covering his forehead. Then he tossed from side to side. Simons watched him like a cat. For two hours the two men remained in the room and yet not a syllable was uttered on either side. Then Titus arose, dressed himself and prepared to bid farewell to his home.

As his wife and mother approached him the prisoner picked up a bible. He silently embraced and kissed his wife. The detective allowed him to step out of the room for a moment, while his old mother threw her arms about him and wept upon his breast. The little blue-eyed girl baby was not awakened. At 4 o'clock he entered a carriage in front of his door. He carried his bible in his hand. On either side of him sat Detective McClallen and Lawyer Titus. It was a wild, weird ride over the hills and through the valleys to Belvidere. The sun had risen when the nerveless prisoner walked into the jail and was shown into a cell.

Detective Simons gathered up the clothing found upon Tillie's corpse and all the other articles which are to be used on the trial. These he took to the prosecutor at Phillipsburg, after which he returned to his home at Easton, Pa. It is known now that the evidence of Students Meade and Mason, together with the long and closely fitting chain of circumstantial evidence already published, form an almost overwhelming case against Titus. Even those who were honest in his defence admit now that there seems to be no escape for him from the gallows.

MRS. GODDARD EXPLAINS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. E. A. Goddard and his wife have fallen out. They formerly imported merchandise from Mexico to this port and had an office at No. 102 Chambers street. They have lived unhappily for several months, and when, on the 7th of April, their infant child was laid in its tiny grave, the last link that bound them together apparently was broken. Since then their domestic relations have been growing more and more unpleasant, and finally the difficulty came to a climax.

Mr. Goddard went into the Stevens House barber shop the other day and had his whiskers trimmed. He had just left when a very trim little woman in black called.

"I'm Mrs. Goddard," she said in a very business-like way that almost made the hair on the shears stand up. "Has my husband been here? Don't say yes, for I saw him go in that door not fifteen minutes ago."

"I believe he's upstairs, ma'am," said the barber quickly.

Mrs. Goddard went up with a determined tread. Her husband saw her at the door and turned red and blue in rapid succession. He seemed about to make a dash for the door, but the little woman in black was upon him before he knew it, and what a tongue-lashing she did give him! The husband backed his way out to the door and his wife followed him, growling and animated and excited at every step. On the sidewalk she backed him up against a railing, shook a bundle of legal documents in his face, and promised to have justice, if it cost her the last cent she possessed. The little kid-gloved fist came closer and closer to the newly trimmed whiskers with every shake. At just the last moment Mr. Goddard gathered himself together and fled. He bowed nimbly around the green at the foot of Broadway and disappeared down Whitehall street. The little woman in black watched him out of sight and then turned to the crowd which had gathered before her. She told various stories concerning her husband, and was going to say something more, but interrupted herself to catch a car which was passing up town. She boarded it neatly while it was still in motion, and was seen no more.

A call at the old office in Chambers street elicited the fact that it had been vacated.

FUGITIVE CROOKS.

How a Lot of Runaway American Jail-Birds Thrive in Mexico.

On the evening of April 23, 1882, Julius Coleman, Harry T. Foxwell and James K. Rittenhouse escaped from the Indiana Southern prison, at Jeffersonville, and have not since been recaptured. Coleman was in the hospital very ill, and Rittenhouse and Foxwell were sent in to nurse him. They succeeded in getting out of the hospital, climbed the wall and eluded the guard.

Every possible effort has been made to capture them, but all to no avail, and not until about a year ago was even the slightest trace of them discovered. A convict named Fox, who had spent a large portion of his time traveling before his conviction, reported to the warden that he had met and conversed with both Coleman and Foxwell in the City of Mexico. The former, he said, was running a big sheep ranch several miles from the city, and was doing a fine business, while Foxwell is a circus fakir. They gave him a "lift," and said they cannot now be brought back to the United States under the existing extradition treaty.

Coleman, who was a delicate looking man while in prison, has improved wonderfully in appearance, and dresses much after the manner of the Western cowboy. Foxwell was flashily attired, but did not seem to be doing as well as his fellow-fugitive.

Charley Henderson, the well-known sporting man, also met Coleman in Mexico, and conversed with him.

Coleman is well known all over Indiana, and that portion of Kentucky which borders on the Ohio river. He was at one time a promising young lawyer of Evansville. Being possessed of unusual shrewdness, he seemed to have a mania for swindling people, and all of his schemes worked well. By some means he became the custodian of the funds of a Masonic order, which contemplated building a fine hall.

One morning he gave out that he had been robbed, and that the money was stolen. Although the story was improbable, the lodge people were compelled to accept it. He married into a highly respectable family and commenced operations in dead earnest. He forged his father-in-law's name for several thousand dollars, borrowing all he could with his father-in-law as security. The ambitious young man then proceeded to build about forty-five dwelling houses. No one knew where he got the wherewithal to do all this, and even his wife and father-in-law were mystified. At length, however, he tackled a scheme that proved too much for him, and before he hardly knew it he was behind the prison bars with a striped suit on.

Himself and another man formed a partnership and had the latter's life insured in a large amount. The man then jumped off a steamboat and pretended to commit suicide. Coleman kept him in hiding and collected the insurance, which they divided. The insurance company made a thorough investigation and caught up with the rascals.

Harry T. Foxwell was sent up from Rush county to serve a life sentence for murder, and is a shrewd, desperate fellow. He is a member of a highly respectable Baltimore family, but his relatives made no effort to save him from prison at the trial.

James K. Rittenhouse, the other fugitive, is a man well known all over the country as probably the most expert counterfeit in the world. He lived at Osgood, Ripley county, Ind., with his wife and family, and is 65 years of age, with shrewdness and intelligence of a superior order stamped upon every feature. He was sent up for counterfeiting, and is known as the "king of counterfeiters," which title his remarkable ability justly entitles him to. A few weeks ago the sheriff of Ripley county heard that Rittenhouse contemplated making a visit to his home at Osgood, and watched the family residence for six successive days and nights. The very night that the surveillance ceased Rittenhouse returned home and spent several days with his family.

After he left the sheriff learned of his visit. In conversation with a prison official, a short time ago, the sheriff of Ripley said:

"I would rather capture old man Rittenhouse than to find \$5,000 for which there was no owner." The officers think the old man is still manufacturing the "queer," and that the dangerous counterfeit ten-dollar bills which have recently been put in circulation are fruits of the skillful old man's handiwork. There is a clew to his hiding place, and the officers are confident they will have him in custody sooner or later.

MYERS WINS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great Madison-Square Garden was completely filled by admirers of the famous ex-ammateur champions of England and America and of the 200 fast youngsters who whetted their curiosity till the main event came on. The race was the first of a series of three which is to decide the ownership of the middle-distance championship of the world trophy and a stake of \$1,000 a side.

Myers was the first to come out at 10:23 o'clock. He was dressed in white, but was enveloped in a huge overcoat. He limbered up a little, then got over to the starting place on the southern side of the track. He was accompanied by Harry Fredericks, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who put him on the mark.

George was dressed in blue with lighter colored blue facings to the suit. Both looked and acted well. Betting was in favor of George, and a bet in George's favor of 5 to 4 in hundreds by Al Smith was reported as the men appeared for the struggle.

All the applause was for Myers as he threw his long ulster to a friend and stepped into the scratch as fit as ever he was in his life. George seemed just as fine. Myers had the inside position.

There was no false starting; both men held themselves well till the pistol flashed, and both got off well together. George took the lead before he reached the first turn and kept in front all the way round. Myers ran about three yards behind and well within himself.

He pushed up a little once or twice as a sort of a

feeler, but George responded, and there was betting he wouldn't be headed. The position did not change till Myers put on a spurt as he commenced to go around the upper Madison avenue turn on the last lap.

George tried to beat him, but Myers overhauled him just as he turned the lower corner into the straight, passed him, and would not let the Englishman get near him again.

A big cheer went up as the Manhattan Athletic Club's champion swung around the Fourth avenue turn, then into the straight, winning as he liked, turning around. Time, 2 minutes 23.5 seconds.

George came in six yards behind; his time was 2 minutes 24.5 seconds.

DENNIE O'HERRON'S LUCK.

Snake-Bitten, Kicked, and Run Over, He Seeks Rest at the Hospital.

Dennie O'Herron is an Irishman over sixty years old. In his younger days he was prosperous and quite well-to-do, in Buffalo, N. Y., which was his home. Business reverses overtook him, however, and he was compelled to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. His wife and only child died soon afterward, and O'Herron took to drink for consolation. From a respectable member of a business house he came to be a drunkard, and from a drunkard to be a tramp. He wandered about the land, walking and stealing rides from town to town until a few years ago he found himself in Louisville, like the place, settled and reformed. He got work as a day laborer on the Chesapeake, Ohio, and Southwestern Railroad, where he has since been employed. Last October he was employed with a gang of section hands replacing some old rails. O'Herron was working in advance of the other men and went to a lot of cross-ties near the track. These were piled ten or twelve high, and to remove them O'Herron put his breast against the top tie and slightly moved it. As he did so, something darted out like a streak of lightning, from between the ties. O'Herron jumped back with a shriek, and fell to the ground in a faint. When his companions arrived at the place a large spread-head viper was clinging with his teeth from O'Herron's breast. The teeth were buried in the man's flesh. One of the workmen seized the serpent by the tail and jerked it off the man, while another laborer killed it with a shovel. Whiskey was procured and forced down O'Herron's throat. He was kept in a constant state of drunkenness for a week. The wound healed up, and he has never felt any ill-effects from the bite.

Dennie's misfortunes had previously been great and numerous, and it would seem that Providence would have done the proper thing to have given him a rest, but it was not to be. About the middle of February he was working on the C. and O. near Ashland. He was driving a sand cart, and was engaged in hauling off the dirt excavated by the laborers. He unbitched his mule at noon one day, and was rubbing him down, when the animal kicked him twice in two seconds. Three of his ribs and his collar bone were broken, and he sustained other serious injuries. He recovered, and shortly afterward another accident happened to him about ten miles from Louisville on the same road. He was lying down in the shade of a tree, fast asleep. A gentleman came along in a rapidly-driven buggy. He was over the sleeping man before he noticed his presence. The gentleman tried to pull the horse up, but too late. The wheels of the buggy passed directly over the prostrate man's neck. It is a mystery how his neck escaped being broken, but it did. O'Herron seemed to feel no inconvenience from his twisted neck until last Sunday, when it became very painful and respiration was made difficult. The man was admitted to the City Hospital, suffering from a general breaking up of the system caused by the rough treatment he has received.

D. R. SMART.

[With Portrait.]

Detective Butler, of Pinkerton's agency, who arrested Smart, says that D. R. Smart was the New York agent of George Fowler & Co., of Liverpool, whose agencies are spread all through the Western States. Smart's business was to look after the shipments to Liverpool. It is alleged that he had no right to transact any business in his own name, but only in that of the firm. On April 2 Smart drew on the Liverpool firm for £1,200, and Patton & Co. discounted the draft without asking for security. About the same time the New York agency of the Bank of Commerce discounted a second draft for £1,500, and a little later the same bank advanced him £3,500 on the security of bills of lading on the Indian line for 350 boxes of bacon and hams, which had been forwarded from Kansas City. Smart had caused these bills to be made in his own name. The money thus obtained was, it is alleged, converted into United States bonds and Bank of England notes. Shortly after Smart fled, arriving in Montreal on the 10th of April, where he was captured. Smart has since proved worthy of his name by compromising with his firm for \$25,000, and he is now a free man again.

THE LUCKY DRAWERS IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

Mr. Rufus F. Bacon, who held one-fifth of the ticket which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery Drawing of the 13th inst., was seen by a reporter yesterday, and he related the circumstances of the buying of the ticket. He said that he and some of his friends had before bought some tickets in a lottery, but they did not draw anything. One of them then suggested that they make up a party, and purchase some tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery. They did so, and the tickets reached them the Friday before the drawing took place (Tuesday). They purchased one-fifth of ten different tickets, paying therefor \$10. When they got the tickets each of the five gentlemen comprising the syndicate selected two tickets haphazard, they all agreeing that if either ticket drew, the amount was to be divided between them all. On Wednesday last a telegram was received, stating that ticket No. 25,244 had drawn one-fifth of the capital prize of \$75,000. Then there was rejoicing among the syndicate, each one planning what he would do with the money. They were on the anxious seat until Tuesday, when they received a telegram that the ticket for the \$15,000 had been cashed, and was on the way to Portland. The money has fallen into the hands of gentlemen who will use it wisely and well. Mr. Bacon says he has had many applications from persons who want to invest in the lottery, inquiring where they purchased the tickets, and he has given them all the information in his power.—*Portland (Me.) Argus*, April 21.

JACK DEMPSEY.

The Full and Truthful History of a Wonderful Pugilist's Professional Development.

A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

(Copyrighted by Richard K. Fox.)

The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE did not wait to give any decision, but made tracks for the train with the police after him, and it is needless to say he out-footed his pursuers. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and at 3 P. M., Constable William Bennett, Chief McKane's right hand man, appeared at the POLICE GAZETTE office and arrested Mr. William E. Harding, Richard K. Fox, Dr. L. C. Thomas, E. F. Mallahan and Hiram Howe, accompanied the officer and his charge to the station house at Coney Island. Harding was taken before Justice Williams, who committed him to appear on Sept. 7, for ailing and abetting a prize fight, fixing bail at \$500. Richard K. Fox furnished the bail, and he was liberated. Force and Dempsey were also bailed out in \$500 each to appear.

The examination of the parties was before Justice Williams, at the court room on the Concourse, on Sept. 11, Assistant District Attorney Bussing, of Kings county, appearing for the people, and Col. Charles S. Spencer for Wm. E. Harding, the referee, and Force and Dempsey, the principals in the fight, while Chief of Police John McKane was the prosecutor. Colonel Spencer spoke of the charge against Mr. Harding, as referee, and expressed a desire that the Court take the testimony in the case. This was agreed to by Assistant District Attorney Bussing, who then called as witnesses Officers John McCready, Augustus A. Conway and Capt. John S. Hinnman, of the Coney Island police.

Officer McCready testified that on the morning of the 3d of September he was off duty, and while sitting on the stoop in front of Keenan's hotel he heard something that led him to believe a prize fight was in progress. He went to the lot between the Coney Island railroad and the Boulevard, and saw a crowd of about 200 people, who formed a ring around two men who were in the centre fighting. The men had on gloves, and he told them they were committing a breach of the peace. He heard some one call "time." When asked whether he heard Harding call time he said he was not sure. He then went to police headquarters and got officers Conway, Sullivan, Joseph E. Morris and Hinnman, and proceeding to the scene of the fight, arrested the participants and took them to police headquarters.

The testimony of the other officers was of the same character.

Col. Spencer, in cross-examining the witnesses, gained the admission that they did not know whether the gloves were hard or soft; that they did not know the difference between boxing and fighting, and that they were not posted as to what constituted a prize fight.

District Attorney Bussing then moved for an adjournment for one week, in order that he could bring forward other witnesses.

Col. Spencer said that no evidence had been adduced to show that there had been a prize fight, or a referee, and that all the elements necessary for a prize fight were lacking—the referee, the prize, and "even the gloves."

The Court then adjourned and the case quashed.

If the battle between Dempsey and Force had been decided there is not the least doubt but that our hero would have added another victory to the two he had already won; of course it is only the writer's opinion.

No task can prove more pleasing to the dictates of the writer than when the circumstances of the case perfectly permit him, in unison with truth, "nothing to extenuate or set down aught in malice," and whether called upon to portray the splendid achievements of the hero, or exhibit the unsophisticated traits of a pugilist, provided that society are gainers by the publicity of their efforts, the end in view is obtained.

Sophistry has done so much to obscure and place in the background a certain class of mankind, and calumny assisting with all her venom to produce, if possible, complete oblivion, that candor scarcely possesses fortitude enough to resist the torrent, but is carried placidly along with the stream.

Yet, notwithstanding, prejudice too often may deform, as well as panegyric too highly adorn the picture; but while the original daily appears before the public eye, nothing can prove easier in ascertaining the fidelity, or in impeaching the integrity of the artist.

In the pugilistic hemisphere Dempsey thus early in his career was looked upon as a fixed star for he had engaged in three battles and although one of them was ended by the powers that be if it had continued he would have certainly won.

Dempsey's success in a great measure, was owing to the fact that he possesses a mind that penetrates farther than the surface, and being well assured from his intercourse with members of the Union and Racquette Clubs, that gentlemen, however fond of boxing they may be, cannot discourse upon fighting every minute in the day, begin again the next, and so go on to the end of the chapter. The advantages of the advice he received proved obvious to him, and by following it he at once came to the conclusion that the recommendations of a first-class pugilist were of too transitory a nature to rely upon those qualifications alone; and although the term thoroughbred may have its importance in the ring (and essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description) yet there are two more words to render the man complete, and pass him current through the world, denominated good-breeding.

If his pedigree cannot be traced with all the accuracy which painters require in delineating ancestry, few men, who are aware of the necessity of so important a feature in exalting their character, have exerted themselves more to obtain the possession of such an invaluable and pleasing trait and in adopting those celebrated maxims than Dempsey has done.

Jack Dempsey was to have boxed Jem Barry at Harry Hill's theatre on Sept. 17, 1883, but Barry refused to meet Dempsey. Tom McAlpine, the beneficiary, then mounted the stage and declared that he would put on the gloves with Dempsey himself. The Brooklyn pugilist accepted the offer, and four exciting rounds were contested, the veteran making a first-class display with the rising young champion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



VIRGINIAN MANNERS.

AN ECCENTRIC STATESMAN MAKES A SENSATION IN A WASHINGTON THEATRE BY DELIBERATELY PULLING OFF HIS COWHIDE BOOTS.



A MEXICAN RAID.

THE TOWN OF COLLINS, NEAR CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, IS SURPRISED AND STOOD UP BY A DESPERATE AND COWARDLY GANG OF GREASER HORSE-THIEVES.



THE OPENING LEAGUE GAME.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT MATCH AT THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, BETWEEN THE NEW YORKS AND BOSTONS IN WHICH BOSTON GOT BEATEN.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Dempsey wants to meet men on their merits and for big money, with no drawing. That is the kind of a fighter I admire.

Paddy Ryan is on deck again. He is considering a proposition to go to Ireland and fight Jim Smith before Sullivan gets a whack at the Britisher.

John McAuliffe, the champion light-weight pugilist, is lying sick, unable to leave his bed. It will be many weeks before he will be able to box again.

Mike Lucy knocked out Ed. Berry in the second round of a glove contest at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on May 1, and Bob Caffey and John Spencer boxed a draw.

Frank Ware, of Chicago, is anxious to meet Harry Gilmore, the victor of the recent battle with Jack Lawrence near Detroit, and is at present in correspondence to that end. Bosh! Gilmore would have holes in Ware.

At Boston, Mass., on April 26, James Davis, of South Boston, and James Phalen, of Cambridge, fought 4 rounds for \$100. In the last round Davis, after mashing Phalen's face to a jelly, knocked the latter insensible by a terrific right-hander under the ear.

Mike Coburn offers to meet Tommy Warren, the light-weight champion, for a stake of \$500. Coburn is a brother to Joe Coburn, the ex-champion heavy-weight, and in his day was looked upon as one of the most scientific light-weights in this country.

Dick Collier, the latest importation from England, is very eager to arrange a match with any of the middle or heavy-weights. He is now under the management of Harry Webb, who is eager to back him against Mitchell or Burke, after his contest with Jack Ashton.

Major Hughes, of the Louisville Turf Exchange, says Tommy Warren, the feather-weight champion, whose portrait and record recently appeared in this paper, is another Sullivan, and can be backed against any feather-weight, and allow five pounds, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

On April 30, at Detroit, Jim Fell fought Harry Gabriel four rounds, Queensbury rules. Gabriel weighed 210 pounds. Fell went at Gabriel as soon as time was called and in just 1 minute and 15 seconds from the start he landed a tremendous left-hand blow on Gabriel's right jaw and knocked him out.

Fell's backer also offers to back his man for \$1,000 a side against Jack Dempsey, with two-ounce gloves and under Queensbury rules. He offers to fight near New York or Boston. This challenge will not be noticed. Dempsey having declared his intention of not fighting for less than \$5,000 a side, with bare hands and under London rules.

Billy Lakeman is to have a benefit at Battery D, Chicago, May 24, where some of the best of the local talent will appear. The event of the evening will be a six-round contest between Jim Fell, the Canadian heavy-weight, and Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria hard hitter, for a purse of \$500. Small soft gloves will be used and a lively set-to is expected.

H. Bristow, of the Short Order House, Crested Butte, Colorado, writes that George Clow, brother to John P. Clow, the champion of Colorado and holder of the "Police Gazette" medal, has posted \$100 forfeit to meet any boxer in Crested Butte to a finish, or any man in Gunnison county six rounds or to a finish. Bristow says Clow is a very likely young boxer, and properly trained will be no disgrace to his brother.

Paddy Ryan's engagement as an actor terminated on April 23, when the "Terry the Fox" combination came to an end at Hudson. Mass. Ryan says he will remain in Boston until the return of John L. Sullivan, whose minstrel terminates May 2. Ryan says he hopes to arrange with the champion for a traveling show under canvas, and have boxing bouts with Sullivan and stauque pictures to constitute the chief attractions.

A glove contest was decided at Crested Butte, Col., on April 20, between George P. Clow, a brother of John P. Clow, the champion of Colorado, and Christopher Holbertson. The men fought with gloves, 4 rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100 and gate money. Holbertson would not stand up and contend in a usual way, and in the third round he retired to his dressing room, to the disgust of the crowd, and Clow was declared the winner.

A desperate fistie encounter with gloves was decided at Mansfield, Ohio, on April 26, between Andy Dorian and Dick Cogan. The men fought for \$50 according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, and was to have been fought to a finish with hard gloves. At the close of the third round the fight was given to Dorian on the claim of a foul. Considerable science was displayed by both men, who are well built young fellows, both under twenty-one. Some slugging was done, and Dorian was badly punished about the head.

Jack Dempsey can hardly be blamed for not agreeing to box Jack Burke or Charley Mitchell an eight-round glove contest at Chicago. There is no money for Dempsey because there would be too many fingers in the pie. In the first place there is the rent of the building, printing and expenses, and then there is the outside manager, who insists on 20 per cent. of the gross receipts, and many others who claim a share, after which Burke's and his manager's shares come out of the pie, and what is left for Dempsey after he divides his share with his backer?

The six-round glove contest between Dick Collier, of Leicester, Eng., and John Ashton, of Providence, Billy Madden's champion, takes place at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery and Houston street, on Wednesday evening, May 12, and considerable money has been wagered on the result, with Collier the favorite. Both men are in active training, Collier at Tarrytown, under care of the English light weight, George Young, and Ashton at Bridgeport, with headquarters at "The Drum," where he is personally attended by Madden, who has for an assistant Frank Bosworth.

At Rich, Mo., on April 25, there was a glove contest between Chris Waller and Jack Green at the Opera House. Waller was seconded by Hugh McManus and Herman Waller, Green by Herman Frazier and Mike Clifford. Time-keepers, John Gibson and Tom Graham Referee, M. J. Kiouss. The battle was well contested for 5 rounds. When time was called for the sixth round, a sponge went up from Green's corner, the referee giving the fight to Waller. Time 15 minutes. Green was game, and fought well, but he lacked the staying qualities, as he seemed to lose his wind after the second round.

Jack Burke and Charley Mitchell, for the fifth time, are going to meet again. The first time they met was in England, when they fought 1 hour, 37 minutes with bare knuckles, until darkness brought the contest to a close. They next fought to a draw at the Germania Assembly Rooms in New York, and in another meeting at Madison Square Garden the police interfered in the third round. Their last meeting was at the battery in Chicago in 1885, and after 6 rounds, was declared a draw. The coming contest calls for 8 rounds, or enough of them to enable the referee to decide the contest so as to establish the question of superiority.

Charley McCarthy, of Fort Richmond, met Jack Dempsey in a 4-round glove contest at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on April 29. McCarthy proved a hard man to conquer. In the fourth round Dempsey went for his man from the word go, and he certainly gave him enough punishment to satisfy a dozen common fighters. McCarthy is not a common fighter, however, and though he was not able to pay Jack fully in his own coin, he never flinched from him. Indeed, after Dempsey's fierce onslaught was over he made play at him, and in the fighting he did exceedingly well. He was as fresh as a daisy when time was called for the close of the fight. Dempsey admitted that he was a very hard customer, but added: "I am not a 4-round knocker out, and it is not to be expected that I can beat every man of my weight that I meet in 4 rounds."

A slashing glove contest was decided at Old Town, Me., on April 28, between W. H. Clancy and Thomas Madden for the heavy-weight championship of Maine. Clancy ups the scales at 162 pounds and Madden at 148 pounds. Both men were in the pink of condition and full of fight. The first six rounds were marked by the hardest kind of slugging, and the men were battered about the ring at a lively rate, and each was knocked down several

times. In the seventh round they were bleeding profusely from the heavy blows they had received. Madden was knocked over the ropes twice in the eighth round. The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth rounds were a repetition of the first seven, and when the pugilists toed the scratch for the thirteenth they were literally covered with blood and their faces were badly swollen. In this round Clancy struck a foul blow and lost the fight. They were matched to fight again.

The following business-like communication was received at the Police Gazette office:

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 28.

To the Sporting Editor:

I will back Jim Fell of this city, formerly of Rich Hill, Mo., against Jack Burke of Chicago to contend with small or two-ounce gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$1,000 a side and the entire gate receipts, the contest to be decided four weeks from signing articles within 300 miles of New York or within 100 miles of Detroit, Police Gazette to be final stakeholder.

AL C. MASTERSON.

P. S. Any white man (barring Sullivan) in America can be accommodated on the said terms. A. C. M. Masterson is a well-known and responsible sporting man of Michigan, and is earnest in his efforts to bring Burke in front of Fell. If Burke's backers are so eager to match him against Jim Smith they should accept the above, as it would be easier arranged than a match with Smith. Fell, within the past year, has defeated more men than any man in this country. Recently he knocked out Jack Wyman, the heavy-weight champion of Michigan, who weighs 195 pounds and stands 6 feet 3 inches in height.

At Detroit, on April 30, Jack Lawrence's benefit was well attended, and the fistie feast spread before the audience was a rare one. The best set-to of the evening took place between George Fullames of Toronto, and Billy McLean of Detroit. In the first round Fullames walked into McLean hammer and tongs, giving him some heavy body blows. McLean kept a cool head and took his punishment well. In the second round the Detroit got to work, using his right effectively, and sending Fullames against the ropes twice. In the third round McLean thoroughly warmed up, and had much the best of it, bringing the Toronto man twice to his knees. At the close McLean was the freshest. Jim Fell, weighing 181½ pounds, and Sam Bittle, of Galt, Can., a tall, graceful young fellow, weighing probably 160 pounds, next put on the mitts. Bittle is a good sparrer, but Fell's weight was too much for him, and although the three rounds were exciting, they were decided in Fell's favor. Harry Gilmore, champion light-weight of America, and Jack Lawrence, the beneficiary, appeared for a wind-up. Gilmore was in the pink of condition, and had hitting was done, but it gave the Canadian an opportunity to display his science, which was much admired. Frank Wietforth offers to back Harry Gilmore for \$1,000 against any light-weight in the world, Jimmy Mitchell, McAuliffe or Frazier preferred.

In regard to Jack Burke's proposal to box Jack Dempsey for gate money, or arrange a match for \$5,000 to fight in the territories, Dempsey says: "What Burke says about fighting in public is nonsense. He knows nothing about the difficulty of bringing off a prize fight for stakes in public or in private. Burke says if I insist on fighting with a few men on a side in a room he will consider that I do not mean business. My fights with La Blanche and Fogarty prove that I did mean business. Both were fought in a room with a few men on a side, and there was not so much difficulty in bringing them off as if they had taken place in public. The battle in each case terminated in one man winning and the other losing. There was no outside interference. It seems to me that Burke does not mean business, because he is unwilling to make a private match, which every one knows is the fairest for both sides. Probably he doesn't mean to fight at all, but would prefer a six or eight-round boxing match where nobody would get hurt, and where the worst he could get would be a draw. If he is so anxious to have a public match in some Territory, as he claims he is, I will fight him for \$5,000 a side, London prize ring rules, with skin gloves or bare knuckles, to a finish. To prove that I mean business, I have \$1,000 forfeit in Richard K. Fox's hands now, and will meet Burke any time he chooses to sign articles and make a match. If he isn't satisfied with Mr. Fox for stakeholder, I will put the money in the hands of any other responsible man that he may name. This applies also to Charlie Mitchell. I will fight either Burke or Mitchell, but would prefer Mitchell. This is all that needs to be said."

The announcement that Jack Fogarty of Philadelphia, and Joe Ellingsworth, the champion amateur heavy-weight boxer of America, would certainly meet in a four three-minute round glove contest attracted a large crowd to Clarendon Hall, East Thirteenth street, to the benefit tendered Prof. Mike Donovan. The benefit lacked Clarendon Hall at \$1 and \$1.50, and hundreds left because they could not buy seats. The array of boxing talent before the great event tired out the audience, who came to see Ellingsworth and Fogarty perform. Steve O'Donnell was master of ceremonies. Lew Clark and Frank Sweeney, Joe Fowler and Mike Leary, Jimmy Nelson and Jack Hopper, Johnny Heck and Benny Gill, Mike Gillespie and Johnny Saunders, and Johnny Reagan and John McMahon boxed, when it was announced John O'Fallon, Prof. Mike Donovan's heavy-weight, and John Smith, of England, would contend in a four-round glove contest. O'Fallon won the New York Athletic Club amateur heavy-weight championship in 1885, while Smith won the title this year. The men fought on their merits and as well as they knew but the ring had not been properly made and the ropes gave way. Fallon had all the best of the first round, and fought his man on to and almost over the ropes several times. Each man went over the ropes in the second round and desperate work marked the third and fourth rounds, and Smith was there at the end. Steve Taylor, of Jersey City, and Danny Killen boxed while Fogarty and Ellingsworth were preparing for the fray and made a very interesting set to. Ellingsworth and Fogarty then entered the ring and were greeted with loud applause. Fogarty occupied the northeast and Ellingsworth the southwest corner. Fogarty was attended by Jimmy Ryan, of Philadelphia, while Charley Ellingsworth looked after the pride of the amateur clubs. Ellingsworth had never entered the arena against a professional and many were eager to see him perform. It had been the intention of members of the Raquette, Union and New York Athletic Clubs to match him against Jack Dempsey, the unbeaten, middle-weight champion. Consequently, as Dempsey had beaten Fogarty many were eager to see if he possessed the boxing abilities claimed, or whether he would stand any chance with Dempsey. Fogarty is shorter in stature than Ellingsworth, and a few pounds less avoirdupois, but he was the best built of the twain.

Round 1—On time being called Ellingsworth rushed at Fogarty and the latter stopped the rush easily, without being a bit rattled. Ellingsworth rushed again, only to be stopped. His next effort landed very hard on Fogarty's cheek, and Fogarty reeled with a vigorous rap in the stomach. Then Ellingsworth missed, hopped back in time to let Fogarty fall short in a vicious slug, and both came together and desperate in following followed. Fogarty adopted the Ellingsworth tactics for a minute, and rushed at the amateur just as a bull rushes at a friend that he thinks he can lick. It showed something about rushing that Ellingsworth had not learned in all his practicing, and sent him reeling against the ropes. Ellingsworth went half through, but a friendly hand kept him solid, and he got back to business in time to land a beautiful and clean right-hander on Fogarty's face just as time was called. The men were both fresh, and all the harm done was to the feelings of Ellingsworth's club friends, who marveled and grieved to see Fogarty still so vigorous and happy.

2—Ellingsworth missed a left-hander and Fogarty countered on the jaw. Fogarty rushed matters and put Ellingsworth on the ropes. They made some good exchanges. Fogarty gained first blood from Joe's nose. The round ended with Ellingsworth trying to swing in his right.

3—He rushed and succeeded in swinging in his right on the side of Fogarty's neck, where he wanted it to lie; but it was evident that it pained him to see Fogarty take all these Ellingsworth rushes so coolly. But something soon came to discourage him more. Fogarty twisted his neck to one side to fix the muscles a little, and then made one of his rushes. It was a beauty, like the other, and sent Ellingsworth once more against the ropes. He barely escaped from going through, and got his balance through the assistance of the kind friend who had given him such a welcome boost before.

4—This was a slashing round, and one of the best exhibitions of boxing ever seen. Ellingsworth was slow but he displayed several capital points. Both did some tremendous hitting. Ellingsworth making Fogarty's head his target, while the latter banged his left at every opportunity into Ellingsworth's stomach. After a slashing round, in which Fogarty evidently had the best of it, James Wakeley decided Fogarty the winner. Many shouted for another round, and others grumbled, as usual, about the referee's decision, but it was a fair and just one. Fogarty weighed 152 pounds, Ellingsworth 158 pounds.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposal of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures, and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Brogan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Out West Wm. Muldoon never tires of rubbing it into Mitchell, but the latter does not seem to mind it.

Christol and Gibbs, of Kansas City, will wrestle a mixed match at the California Athletic Club very soon.

J. J. Russell and A. H. Hudson are to wrestle collar-and-elbow, in harness, May 17, at Waltham, for \$50 a side.

Sergt. Walsh will travel East in a few days, and he expects to engage in sword contests throughout the Eastern States.

Buffalo is out with a challenge to fight Barry for \$250 a side. That should suit Barry better than fighting a man like Matthews.

At Princeton, N. J., on May 1, in the inter-university lacrosse match between Yale and Princeton, Princeton took four goals and Yale none.

At East Saginaw, Mich., on April 30, in a 72-hour walking match, Strokel beat the longest fourth-day record of the world, walking over 78 miles.

At New York on May 1, the lacrosse match between Brooklyn and the University of New York Clubs, resulted in a victory for Brooklyn by 3 goals to 1.

Ned McCann and Jack Dougherty boxed four rounds in the middle-weight tournament at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, May 3, and McCann was declared the winner by James Dawson.

Edward Kendall, the billiard player, has as guests Happy Jack Sutton and Capt. Henry Horn. The three created considerable excitement on the streets of the city yesterday by riding three spirited broaches.

The sloop Atlanta, which sailed at New York for the America Cup in 1881, and afterward won the Fisher Champion Cup for sloops at Chicago, was sold at Belleville, Can., April 30, to the Messrs. Eyre & Dows, of Brighton.

At Clark's Olympic, Philadelphia, on April 28, John Fitzgerald and Bob Morris were tendered a benefit. The main attraction was a four-round glove contest between "Clipper" Donohue and Bill Gabig, which ended in a draw.

Dave Levey offered a purse of \$200 for Barry to fight Matthews, providing that he had the management of the affair. Seymour and Matthews, Dick's backers and managers, would not stand this, but offered to fight for \$250 a side in private.

Duncan C. Ross defeated Sergt. Walsh at Telegraph Hill in a mounted sword contest. Walsh was injured in the nineteenth attack and had to give up the contest. It was the best and most spirited contest ever witnessed. The attendance was enormous.

The Ottawa Cricket Club have arranged to play the Longwoods, at Boston, at that city on the 21st and 22d of June, and the Harvard University team on the 23d and 24th. An eleven of the Montreal Cricket Club will play the Ottawas on the Rideau ball grounds on the 24th of May.

Fred. Englehardt's combination drew a very large audience at Woodman's. The prize seemed to be the principal attraction. Andre Christol failed to throw Fritz Pauline in 30 minutes for \$100. Sam Matthews put up a forfeit to wrestle any man in the combination.

The Maple Leaf Lacrosse Club, of Maple, Ont., has reorganized, with the following officers: Dr. Orr, president; W. Wood, vice-president; J. A. Watson, captain; J. McDonald, vice-captain; Joe Noble, secretary; J. T. Shunk, treasurer; committee, W. Dalton, W. Richardson, F. Padgett and C. McLaughlin.

The Dempsey-Galanaugh boat race for \$8,000 will be rowed over the National Course, Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill on May 22, the Park Commissioners having finally given their consent for the race to be rowed there. Both men are in active training for the event. Dempsey is the favorite in betting circles.

Peter Oak, captain of the Cornwall Island Indian Lacrosse Club, holders of the Indian championship banner, was in Brockville on Wednesday night on his way home from a visit to the States. He expects that his team will soon be called on to defend the championship, the St. Regis Club having issued a challenge.

The great race for the 2,000 guinea stakes, for three-year-olds, was run at Newmarket, Eng., on April 28. The Duke of Westminster's bay colt Ormonde, with G. Barrett up, won easily. Mr. Myner's bay colt Prince, who was the favorite in the betting, came in second, and Minto Soltykoff's chestnut colt Mephisto third.

The Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association will hold its annual regatta on July 5. The prizes offered for competition will be of much greater value than in previous regattas of the club. The races will consist of junior and senior singles, pair-oared gigs and shells, junior and senior fours, six-oared gigs and eight-oared shells.

At Ottawa, on May 2, a cricket match between Mr. Powell's eleven and Mr. Steele's eleven took place. The former eleven scored 194, the latter 62. A prominent batsman, W. C. Little, carried his bat for 109. The Ottawa Cricket Club will play at Ottawa on May 24. They are negotiating with a cricket team in British Guiana to play them this season.

The Eagle Athletic Club sports at Sulzer's Park, Harlem, N. Y., on April 29, attracted a large crowd. J. McManus conquered George Burke in three rounds. Tom Bourke conquered Bob Wright. In the contest between Jim Robinson, of the Eagle Athletic Club, who won the champion middle weight last year, and Mike Mack, Robinson won. When Bourke tackled Seifert there was solid slugging, and the fight was given to Bourke, although Seifert was game to continue the fight to a finish.

The sixth annual race of the University of Pennsylvania for the Powell cup took place on the National course of the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, on May 1. For the first time in the history of these contests eight oared shells were used. There were four crews, the freshmen, sophomores, juniors and medical. The latter won in 8:31. The next boat was '87, time 8:41. The freshmen were last. The Meds were three lengths ahead of '87, who was two lengths in advance of '88, who led the freshmen by an open length.

John Teemer's new boat, just ordered at Boston, in which he is likely to row Hanlan, will be the smallest he has yet rowed in. Instead of a 11½ inch beam, as heretofore, he will squeeze himself into 10½ inches. The boat will weigh but 24 pounds, and will be built so formed as to avoid driving the bow under water, a trouble to which Teemer has been subject by reason of his immense stroke. He now feels that he has become almost as finished a sculler as Hanlan, and therefore feels like using as light a boat as the other scullers in proportion to his own weight.

W. S. Shedman, owner of the running dog Clothesline, which was beaten by Frank Kilby's Drake Carter in a 200-yard run at Buffalo, on April 14, writes that Clothesline was given a second slower than his actual time in the second heat, also, that the dog was suffering from a sore foot, the result of a "turn up" with a bull-dog a few days previous to the race. The brute bit clean through the right fore foot. He is willing to make another match at \$250 a side, and says that he won't be satisfied until such match is made. Clothesline and Fruit Boy, owned by Mr. Noah Morehouse, of Philadelphia, run at Driving Park, Buffalo, within ten days.

Harry Gilmore writes from Toronto he was not aware that any one had been kind enough to match him against Hawkins, of Winnipeg, until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. He is, nevertheless, eager to meet Hawkins, and stip-

ulates that the meeting must take place not earlier than four weeks after his contest with Fullames, on the 17th of June. He prefers that the stakes should be \$1,000 a side, and that when they shake hands in the ring they should be wearing kid gloves or something lighter. He says it is useless to speak of fighting in Canada, and offers Hawkins \$100 for expenses if he agrees to meet him in Michigan, and makes the stakes \$1,000 a side.

Maxey Cobb, record 2:13 1-4, died at Philadelphia on May 3 of inflammation. Maxey Cobb was a brown stallion, by Happy Medium, dam Lady Jenkins, by Jupiter. His first public victory was achieved at Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 13, 1881, when he won in straight heats; best time, 2:38¾. At Hartford, Conn., Aug. 28, 1881, he reduced his record to 2:15, and at Providence, R. I., Sept. 30, of the same year, he achieved his best record, 2:13¾. On July 4, 1885, he met the stallion Phyllas, record 2:13¾, at Cleveland, in a match race for \$10,000, with \$5,000 added. Phyllas won in straight heats, best time 2:14. Maxey Cobb and Neta Mellum trotted a mile to skeleton wagon at the Fleetwood track, Morrisania, on Nov. 14, 1884, in 2:15¾.

The One Thousand Guineas was run for at Newmarket, Eng., on April 30. The conditions were as follows: The seventy-third One Thousand Guineas, for three-year-old fillies, at 1100 each, half forfeit, the owner of the second to receive £200 out of the stakes, the third to save his stake; to carry 124 pounds; 57 sub-scribers; Rowley mile. The starters and closing prices were 2 to 1 each against Modvena and Cataract, 3 to 1 against Miss Jummy, 12 to 1 each against Consign and Jewel Song, 16 to 1 against Sunrise, 20 to 1 against Sagitta, and 35 to 1 each against Argo Navis, Lily Maid and Doncaster Rille. Sagitta showed the way to the bushes where Miss Jummy challenged her, and, after a brief effort by the favorites, she came away, winning in an easy canter by a length, and a half, followed by Argo Navis and Jewel Song, who made a great race, the former securing the second money by a neck. Time —1:52 2-5.

At Prof. John Clark's Olympic Park, Philadelphia, on May 3 about 2,000 assembled to witness the sports. The first event was a two-mile walking match between Dennis F. Butler, the swimmer, and W. Bennett, of Canada. Butler out-paced his man from start to finish, and won easily. The one-half mile foot race for amateurs, five starters, was won by B. Galt, in 2 minutes 25 seconds, with James Stuart second, in 2 minutes 30 seconds. The mile run was won by B. Galt; the quarter mile run by Charles Boyd, and the 100-yards dash by Sheridan, with Davenport second. There were boxing bouts between Mike Boden and Ned Pluckefelder, Andy Hart and Billy Teese, John H. Clark and Charley White, and the wind-up was a four round glove contest in Clark's feather-weight tournament between John Harding and John Walsh, in which Referee Alf Lunt declared Harding the winner.

In regard to the proposed single-soull race between John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the latter writes as follows to Richard K. Fox.

Toronto, April 30, 1888.
I am sorry to have put you to so much bother in trying to arrange a match for me to row Teemer. My friends here in Toronto advise me not to arrange a match with Teemer until I hear from Beach, who is to arrive in England about May 17, and in about 3 weeks time I will be able to give you a definite answer about the Teemer race, as I don't wish to have too many irons in the fire at once, hoping this is satisfactory to you. Teemer may not be champion after his race with Gaudaur. Yours truly,
E. HANLAN.

Teemer was eager to meet Hanlan and when he understands that Hanlan declines to meet him until he again rows Wm. Beach he will be very much put out.

At Louisville, May 3, Gov. Knott vetoed "An act concerning license taxes in Louisville." He objects to a clause to license "pool-rooms wherein are sold pools on contests of speed and endurance and upon all other events." He says: "It proposes to authorize the General Council of Louisville to license gambling-houses of the worst description, houses in which betting in the form of pools may be openly carried on upon any event whatever, whether it be the result of a horse race, a dog fight, a sparring match, a prize fight, a game of cards, an election—anything, in short, which is to happen in the future, whether lawful or unlawful, moral or immoral. Of the disastrous consequences to be anticipated from the establishment of such fruitful sources of vice in all its vanities I need not speak. They were all maturely considered, I have no doubt, when the act of the present session was passed making the exhibition of certain gambling devices in the Commonwealth a felony." The Louisville Senators claim that the clause was fraudulently inserted in the bill after they had read and approved it. The veto was unanimously sustained.

Daniel Canary, whose feats on the wheel have been applauded in many lands, is just now the rage in Ireland. The Dublin papers devote columns to describing his wonderful performances. During the week of April 11 he was taken down to Ballsbridge and was shown the track. Canary, says the Irish Sportsman, was quite surprised with it; he had no idea that we had anything like it in Ireland. He says it is a perfect model, and is far superior to the majority of the tracks in England and America. We got him a machine, and he sprang into the saddle and rode a lap. He then stood in front of the stand and looked about him (here one of the ground men, who happened to be present, opened his mouth). He then rode down the straight backward, and returned on one wheel, wagging the hind one as a fish would his tail (ground man's mouth wider). He then stood upon the saddle and guided the machine with one foot on the handle. He then dismounted, ran backward, and vaulted into the saddle with his face toward the hind wheel. The ground man now opened his mouth so much that all his other features disappeared. He could scarcely speak, but he managed to mutter that in his opinion Canary was a sanitary smart chap. Canary is twenty-two years old, stands 5 feet 8½ inches high, and weighs 132 pounds. He was born in New Haven, Conn.

A baseball match is to be arranged between the Police and Fire Departments, and the following challenge was issued: NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT BASEBALL CLUB, AMATEUR CHAMPIONS, HEADQUARTERS, 26 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1888.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—The New York Fire Department Baseball Club desires to challenge through your widely-circulating sporting paper, the New York Police Baseball Club, to play a series of games on any suitable ball ground, the Polo Ground preferred, so that the question of superiority, which is now a subject of constant discussion among the members of our respective departments may be placed beyond dispute. Manager Parroy desires me to state that he is ready to meet the representatives of the Police Club at any time or place which you may select, in order that the necessary arrangements may be made.

FRED. W. GOODENOUGH, JR.
Secretary F. D. B. C. Amateur Champions, City of New York.
In order to promote baseball among the Police and Fire Departments, we have decided to offer a valuable gold medal worth \$100. for the Police and Fire Departments to play the best three in five games. The medal will represent the championship, and will be the personal property of the club winning the medal three times. The proprietor of this paper notified the Police Department and the Fire Department baseball clubs of his offer. The medal will be an elegant design, and well worth a lively competition.

At the Crib Club, at Boston, Mass., on April 26, Paddy Ryan was the guest of the club, and was permitted to witness the six-round battle with hard gloves, for a \$400 purse, between Joe Lannon, the South Boston blacksmith, and George Godfrey, colored, of Chelsea. Lannon had recently won several battles in the West, and a few weeks ago he knocked Loughlin, of Brooklyn, insensible in the ring. Lannon stood six feet in his stockings and weighed 171 pounds. Godfrey stood five feet ten and one-quarter inches and weighed 162 pounds. Both men had trained for a month. Godfrey was seconded by his brother and Tom Deay, and Lannon by Danny Gill and Mike Sullivan. Billy Maloney was referee. In the first round both fought cautiously. Godfrey led with his left, but missed. Lannon rushed at and landed several terrific blows on Godfrey's face and forced him to his corner. In the second Godfrey planted his right on Lannon's jaw twice. Lannon rushed again and pounded Godfrey's face, neck and nose. Finally Godfrey again sought his corner. In the third round Godfrey sparred for wind, and gave Lannon several body blows with his right, and began to work his left on Lannon's neck, also planting three right-handers on his nose. In the fourth round both fought at short range and were getting tired. In the fifth round Godfrey opened a big gash near Lannon's left eye, the blood flowed in a stream. Both men fought savagely, and Lannon's eye closed. In the sixth Godfrey had his opponent at his mercy, and pounded him at will all around the ring. In spite of this advantage the fight was declared a draw.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I should conclude, from the action of the backers of Jim Smith, the champion of England, that the latter will not make a match out of England or Ireland, and I don't think you will see Jim in America with fighting orders. It is a long way to go for Sullivan, and for Smith to come.

I think that the proposed stipulation advanced as to five spectators a side is all well enough in its way, but how is it possible to guard against interruption from the boys, who are sure to get into the know somehow? Over and over again these have interfered, and will again. Besides, if the principals and their backers go straight the game is so simple with some one half connected with the party who will have his mob waiting to see how the fortunes of war go. If things are right there will not be any interruption. Supposing the protegee is losing, the roughs will break in and stop further fighting.

I do not believe, no matter how sincere Smith or his backers may be in agreeing to show Sullivan fair play, should the American agree to cross the Atlantic and meet England's champion on Irish soil, that the contract could ever be filled.

Smith and his principal backers might be willing to have the battle fought on its merits, but then there would be the London, Manchester, Sheffield, and the rough element from Birmingham, who would, as in the days of yore, put their money on their champion, with the determination to make their favorite win, tie or wrangle.

The doctrine of true chivalry between gladiators who meet in ring encounters, was never, I think, better illustrated, than when John Gideon, the backer of Tom Sayers, proposed that John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, should meet Tom Sayers, then England's champion, in an international contest for the championship of the world.

Gideon sent long communications in regard to the fair treatment Heenan should receive, and even after the match was made Gideon laid down clearly and ably the correct principles of conduct for men with whom boxing is a profession.

He said, "When Heenan comes I shall be most happy to shake him by the hand, for although I may meet him as an antagonist, I trust it will not be as an enemy; for, let him win or lose, he is sure to be well treated here."

The fact is that Heenan was never well treated in England except when it was seen that he was losing, but Mr. Gideon's enunciation of a good doctrine for the government of men's relations in fistie affairs is none the less well stated and interesting.

Harry Broome, ex-champion of England, gave Heenan most positive assurance also in advance of his leaving America, that he should "have fair play in England for the honor of the British prize ring." Harry wrote him, "I would put my own shirt off to see fair play and justice done to all men, although four thousand miles divide me from those on your side of the water. As a man coming from a strange country to a strange land, your humble servant, Harry Broome, would never knowingly or willingly see a true heart like yours founded on the rock of deception."

It is my opinion that the amateur boxers of America are very far ahead of the English amateurs. Judging from the reports of the recent English boxing competition for the amateur championship of England.

A dozen sparred in the bantam class (not exceeding 115 pounds). T. Hiley, C. Woodward and A. Woodward, all of Birmingham, with R. Camani, A. Oates and W. T. Dell, Londoners, won in the first round. Oates beat C. Woodward, though the latter stayed well and was doing the best at the finish. A. Woodward had a bye, as Dell, who had no chance, retired. Hiley beat Camani. In the third round of the competition, not of the individual bouts, Hiley had a bye. Woodward fought Oates to a stand-still. For the final Hiley came up the fresher, and though A. Woodward was not much behind, the former always had a little in hand.

Out of five starters in the feather-weights, 125 pounds, T. G. McNeill of the Cestus Club, London, proved the best after a hard fight with J. Pennell, Manchester Rowing and Football Club, in the final.

Half a dozen showed in the light-weight class, not exceeding 140 pounds. T. Gamble of Manchester and another from the cotton district, J. Fielder of Salford, had the bad luck to be drawn together. It was a toss-up which would win, but Gamble lasted the longer. R. O. Blackwood of Blackheath had very little trouble with J. Leonard Hanley. C. J. Roberts, London Royal Victor A. A. C. and H. Thompson of Leeds were very evenly matched for two of the three rounds. In the third the Londoner scored fast, and hitting very heavily, established a strong lead. Roberts landed the next two bouts by first beating Gamble, who wanted a lot of doing, and then wearing out Blackwood.

In the middle-weight competition there was none of the contestants that would be considered a third-class man. W. J. King, a fourth-rater, won after making a scramble with George Ruskill. A. Diamond, the son of a sporting publican, who weighed 144 pounds, captured the heavy-weight competition.

It is my opinion that the 1886 amateur champions of England would be mere chopping blocks for American amateurs especially the bantam, feather, light and middle-weight representatives.

One of the leading topics in the sporting world that is daily being discussed is the proposed match between Charlie Mitchell, who landed in this country with the title of champion of England, and Jack Dempsey, the young unconquered boxer who, by a discreet mode of perseverance, hygienic training and courage, has fought his way to the highest pinnacle in the pugilistic firmament, and won fairly and honestly the championship of middle-weights.

Mitchell has announced in public that he cancelled his engagement with the Johnson & McNish minstrels to arrange a match with Dempsey.

Further, he stated that the stakes should be \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, but when Dempsey announced that he was willing to ratify the match at once a cloud obscured the pugilistic sun, and it has not since been dispelled, for Mitchell has made no reply, or at least he has not elicited the argument by naming a time and place to arrange the preliminaries.

I am certain Dempsey has had his heart bent on meeting Mitchell for over one year.

A victory over Jack Dempsey, inferior although he is to Mitchell in weight, would, I consider, be more of a feather in Mitchell's cap than anything he has done in this country. A clear-cut, unquestionable triumph over even a thoroughly proven good little man would brighten up his record.

I should say that Mitchell, when he comes East, cannot afford, if Dempsey keeps up his fighting front, to hold off longer than making a match to a finish with the proven middle-weight champion of America.

I know that when Dempsey and Mitchell had their falling out in San Francisco last year, Mitchell said he would have fought Dempsey, but he said:

"Suppose I was to meet him with bare knuckles on the turf in an open contest, don't you know that the Dempsey cor-

ner would outnumber mine four or five to one, and that I'd get fair play only as long as I was losing."

I greatly question whether Dempsey can name any terms on which Mitchell will agree to meet him in an out-of-door fight under London rules.

I understand Majolica, 2:15, will most likely only be entered in special purse races this season.

With Johnny Murphy piloting Majolica, all other flyers will have to trot away down to win the large purses.

Just mark what I say.

The three-year-old colt Ed Corrigan, by Joe Hooker. Countess Zeika, is another Jim Renwick in size, standing 16 hands 1 1/4 inches in height.

I see the series of championship bicycle races between Wm. M. Woodside, who bills himself the champion of Ireland, and John S. Prince, who is the fastest in this country on the iron steeds ended in somewhat of a muddle.

Prince won the ten and twenty-five mile races, the first in 31 minutes 28 seconds, and the second in 1 hour 49 minutes 56 seconds. In the forty-seventh mile of the 50-mile race, Prince was leading, and going well within himself, when the omnipresent small boy darted across the track. In endeavoring to avoid striking him, Prince took a very nasty header. He was up in an instant, and went on in pursuit of the fleeing Woodside, but the fall had so used him up that he faltered on the next lap. Woodside went on and finished the fifty miles in 2 hours 46 minutes 3 seconds, the best time on record.

Prince claimed an intentional foul, and then the referee opened his mouth, and characteristically put both feet into it. He declared that Woodside had won, but that had not the accident occurred, the finish would have been very close. Therefore he would call it a draw.

The race ended curiously, but I think the referee's decision was far more curious and queer than the race.

Woodside did not foul Prince. He came in first and should have been declared the winner.

Probably the queer decision was understood by all concerned.

I have been to Yorkville, read historical facts about the houses of York and heard of the Duke of York, but never knew Edward Hanlan had a backer by the name of Wm. York, until I read a card signed by the latter in the New York World on April 26.

I knew Hanlan had an agent in 1885, who looked after his boats and attended to his private matters, but I am certain no man by the name of York ever backed him, neither did Hanlan ever recognize him as such.

By the way, I remember at the time that Teemer and Hanlan were to row at Pleasure Island, a man who resides at Harlem, whose name was York, published that he would bet \$1,000 and upward that Hanlan would beat Teemer. On the champion and his friends arriving in New York, they called at Harlem to accept York's offer, but the latter either had no money or could not raise that amount.

Now, if Teemer would agree to Hanlan's conditions, and the stakes were wanted, I am sure they would not be found either at Yorkville or Harlem.

Hanlan's backer in England is Mr. Innes, and in this country, Richard K. Fox.

Dempsey's manners and deportment are of the most mild and inoffensive nature, well calculated to prepossess the stranger much in his favor by experiencing in his company the perfection of the pugilist without any of that ferocity which the unacquainted are too apt to imagine characterizes the brave boxer.

Boxers, if they feel any sort of ambition to attain eminence, win and hold the title of champion, I think should endeavor to comply with a regular mode of living.

I think they should also bear in remembrance that the stamina is easier reduced than the tone of the system recovered.

It is my opinion if the constitution is once touched, the mind or resolution also becomes enfeebled, and the frame, in losing its natural vigor, begets depression and fear, thus occasioning in a great degree exhaustion and premature defeat.

It has been observed by the inimitable Sterne that you may travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry "All is barren—and so it is," and the critic may, in his closet, with equal facility, assert there is not one single feature in the whole race of pugilists attractive enough to save the practice of boxing from condemnation, which declaration, however fallacious, may be received as truth, if the mind of the traveler unfortunately prove barren, and throughout a long journey he is only aroused from his apathy upon the appearance of a finger post or enumerating the mile stones which he has passed.

I believe Zimmerman boasted the advantages that solitude afforded to become virtuous and improve the understanding over an intercourse with society; and of the absolute necessity of contemplating in silence (when abstracted from the circles of gaiety and dissipation) the materials which are so essential to form a good character.

It has always been my hobby to expose the sophisticated attempts of those who have endeavored not only to traduce the patrons of pugilism, but to annihilate if possible the practice of the manly, useful art of self-defence, one of the most noble and invigorating traits in man's character.

I think if it should appear that the mind is debased (as many claim) from witnessing boxing displays, if the customs and manners of society were infringed upon by such exhibitions, and if the feelings of men were so blunted from these specimens of hardihood and valor as to prevent them from filling those public stations in life, which many are called upon to frequently perform, with fidelity, justice and reputation—then would pugilism be a disgrace to that country where it is to be permitted, and then, and only then, boxers rendered obnoxious to society.

Now, I think, in point of argument and fact, it has become necessary to inquire how far, in patronizing pugilism, the effects of which many art have operated upon those minds so as to reduce their consequence in the estimation of their friends or injure their public character with society in general, have taken place.

I believe boxers who are anxious to be champions should study their defects and try to improve them; if passionate in their nature, learn to suppress that overwhelming quality so dangerous to pugilists, for if they cannot view the attacks of their antagonists with coolness, conquest, then, is more indebted to chance than judgment.

I think it is owing to this fact that Jack Dempsey has proved himself so much master of the science, and so far superior to all his competitors, as his mind is continually at work to improve his knowledge in giving blows with more ease and effect to himself, and in warding off those powerful attacks aimed to conquer him by his adversary; while, on the contrary, they were too generally spending their time in drinking and carousing instead of improving themselves and becoming adepts in the art, leaving every other consideration to strength and chance.

Dempsey, like all great masters, generally exhibited something new in every performance; and those who have witnessed his battles, and afterwards entered the lists with him, expecting to find that he would follow the same tactics and fight upon the old suit, were, I think, most terribly deceived; as, contrary to most boxers, he does not depend upon any particular blow, although he is distinguished for giving some remarkable blows which his adversaries will never forget.

Latest Sporting.

Appleby, the famous California jockey, has been engaged by the Dwyers.

Wm. Todhunter bought Tyrant for \$5,000, after he beat Binnette at San Francisco.

Harry Gilmore is to fight Sam Bittle for \$1,000 and the championship of light-weights on May 27.

Isaac Murphy, the colored Archer, who is to ride for "Lucky" Baldwin this season, is worth \$100,000.

On April 30 the b. g. Pat Sheedy won the Cottville stakes at New Orleans. McCarthy had the mount.

Graciosa, the winner of the great California Stakes at San Francisco, was purchased when a yearling for \$300.

The California horse, John A., five years old, by Monday, dam Lady Claire, has been sold in San Francisco to Mr. Todhunter for \$5,000.

A great race has been proposed by Knap McCarthy. He offers to put the pacer Marlow (2:15) with Gossip, J. (2:14), to make a double team to go against Lorene and Westmont.

It is reported that Paddy Ryan will double up with John L. Sullivan in a combination, in which Paddy will box with the champion, and the latter will pose. Ryan is to make Boston his abiding place and open the Brower House.

Kirkman won the Merchant stakes at Nashville, Tenn., on April 30, beating Artino, Lady Wayward and Editor. The latter carried 114 pounds. On May 1 he won the Belle Meade stakes, carrying 121 pounds, running 1 mile and a quarter in 2:16 1/4, beating Big Three, Brookful and Macola.

A Philadelphia, on April 27, John Perry of Manchester and Dick Oxford of Birmingham, fought with gloves. Perry stripped at 125 and Oxford was over 178 pounds. The latter could not get at the little fellow, and in the second round a straight right-hander on the neck knocked him out.

At Carroll, Mo., on April 24, a grand dog fight took place between Stubb, a 20-pound dog belonging to the sports of the O. Ranch, and Mage, a 60-pound dog belonging to the well-known gambler of Rocky Point. The fight lasted 1 minute 30 seconds, and was won by Stubb. Considerable coin changed hands.

Jack Dempsey should make a flying visit to Florida and knock out Andrew Foster, who claims to hail from this city and hold the title of middle-weight champion. Foster is evidently playing on the Jacksonville sporting fraternity when he claims he belongs to this city and conquered many unknown heroes.

The sporting element of the coal regions is looking forward with eager interest to the glove contest between Jim Cannon and E. F. Malahan's unknown, which is to take place at Carbondale, Pa., on May 20. If Malahan's, mysterious boxer defeats Cannon, he may be a formidable opponent for any of the heavy-weights.

The equestrian race between Chas. M. Anderson, the long-distance champion rider of the world, and John Murphy, the famous rider, is to be decided at the Gentleman's Driving Park on Thursday, May 20, instead of the 15th. Each will ride 25 miles and be allowed 8 change horses. The match is for \$1,000 a side, and Richard K. Fox holds the stakes.

The 1,000-yard running race between W. G. George and L. E. Myers was run at Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 1, 1886. About 4,000 persons were present. Myers was a slight favorite. The race was very interesting. George ran the first half mile in 3 minutes 8 seconds. Myers, who had been running a walking race, then passed him, and won as he pleased in 2 minutes 33 1/2 seconds.

Charles E. Courtney was recently in Boston and unloaded his usual bag of about rowing matters. He said: "The boating season is likely to be quite lively. Teemer and Hanlan kept sparring through the papers. I think John has the best of Ned. I have received a great many letters this spring asking if I was going to row, and if I would be willing to row different men. I have not made up my mind yet just what I will do."

A new feature in trotting will be tried in Rochester Driving Park on July 5. A stake, open to all horses, will be trotted for in a series of heats restricted to two horses each—that is, each horse will trot against every other horse in the race. The horse which wins the greatest number of heats will be awarded first money. The promoters claim that this will prevent tedious scoring, fouling, pocketing, jobbing and other abuses prevalent on trotting tracks.

The current week will be a lively one in racing circles. The Kentucky Racing Association meeting will begin at Lexington May 5, the National Jockey Club races at Washington will open May 5, the spring meeting of the Memphis Jockey Club will run from May 3 to 8, Brighton Beach will have its first week's racing for the season and the Rockaway Steeplechase Association will inaugurate racing over timber at their beautiful open country grounds at Cedarhurst May 8.

The London "Sportsman" says: "News of an important character has come to hand from the ex-champion sculler, Edward Hanlan, the Canadian having forwarded a cablegram to Pegasus, of the News of the World, authorizing him to post £100 on his behalf, with the issue of a challenge to row William Beach, on the full Thames course, for £500 a side and the championship of the world. The phenomenal Australian carsman is now on his way to England, so no doubt we shall be able to judge for ourselves in the course of a few months as to which is the better of the two great masters in the art of sculling, over the best and fairest course in the world."

The twelfth annual games of the Athletic Association of the College of the City of New York were held April 29 at the Manhattan Grounds in this city. The winners were as follows: 100-yard dash, E. B. La Feta, '86, 11 1/3 seconds; 1-mile handicap walk, J. Howe, '87, 8 minutes 45 seconds; running broad jump, E. B. La Feta, '86, 18 feet 8 inches; 1-mile bicycle race, P. Slade, '90, 3 minutes 45 seconds; 220 yards, A. L. Doremus, '89, 23 1/3 seconds; half-mile, T. H. Roche, '87, 2 minutes 24 seconds; high jump, V. J. Serrano, '87, 4 feet 10 inches; one-mile run, W. F. Mohr, '88, 5 minutes 45 1/2 seconds; 220-yard hurdle race, V. J. Serrano, '87, 35 1/2 seconds; tug-of-war, won by '86 pulling '87 a full three-quarters of an inch.

The following is a novel way of advertising a sporting saloon, which is a happy idea of Jake Roome, a well-known veteran sporting man:

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.
By virtue of a subpoena, you are directed that, all business and excuses being laid aside, you appear in your proper person, on receipt of this, at Jacob H. Roome's Wine and Lunch Room, No. 21 Greenwich avenue, cor. West Tenth street, and then and there to pronounce your judgment and opinion of his unequalled Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Rums, Wines, Cigars and Cordials, etc., and for a failure to attend you must abide the consequences, serious or otherwise.

C. TUTANDON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

This Court Room will have its Grand Spring Opening at Noon April 23d, 1886: a good Luncheon will be served and the presiding officers will be happy to see you on that day.

At the athletic games at Madison Square Garden, this city, on May 1. The 70-yard run, handicap, trial heats, had thirty starters. J. Lorillard, Jr. (6 1/2 yards) won first prize in 7 2/5 seconds; H. E. Brucks, M. A. C. (5 yards), second; thirty-four started in the 880-yard run, handicap, trial heats. They made a splendid race. E. D. Lange, M. A. C., scratch man in the mile walk, handicap, made a game struggle, mowing down eleven of the thirteen starters in turn. He came in a good second. H. Dimsey, P. A. C. (45 seconds) winning in 7 minutes 35 1/2 seconds, actual time. Lange beat the Garden record, making his mile in 6:55 1/2. Wild shots greeted him at the finish. Forty-six were entered for the 250-yard run, handicap, trial heats. The brushes were close and fast. W. H. Struse, B. A. A. (18 yards), won in 27 3/5 seconds; J. A. Bishop, B. A. A. (15 yards), second. Six active jumpers and runners appeared in the 80-yard hurdle race, handicap. A. F. Copeland, O. A. C. (4 yards), won in 2 minutes 10 1/2 seconds; H. S. Young, Jr. A. A. C. (5 yards), second. The 2-mile race, handicap, brought out a dozen fleet-footed athletes, with E. C. Carter, P. A. C., at the scratch. The leaders were greeted with a continuous roar of deafening shouts on the last lap. J. D. Lloyd, N. A. C. (65 yards), won in 10 minutes 8 1/2 seconds. Carter (scratch) came second in 10 minutes 8 1/2 seconds. The best record for the distance in the Garden. Magnificent running occurred in the 880-yard handicap, trial heats. J. J. Archer, O. A. C. (24 yards), won first prize in 2 minutes 2 1/2 seconds; Floyd Smith, Yale College (15 yards), second.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the Police Gazette, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

S. G., Austin, Texas.—No.
S. G., Natick, Mass.—No.
D. H., Baltimore.—D wins.
D. W. S., Rutland, Vt.—No.
W. G., Rochester, N. Y.—No.
H. W., Albany, N. Y.—A wins.
D. G., Aquila Creek, Va.—No.
J. C. H., Portchester, N. Y.—No.
R. M. Nixon, Darlington, S. C.—A loses.
SUBSCRIBER, Police Department, N. Y.—Yes.
HENBERT, Leonardtown, Md.—Yes. Jack counts.
D. J., New York City.—1. Lotta was born in 1847. 2. No.
J. S., Hartford, Conn.—A Bolivia gold doubloon is worth \$15.50.
J. R. H., New York City.—Send for "The Caterer," Philadelphia, Pa.

W. S., Baltimore.—Iroquois won the English Derby on June 1, 1881.

W. S., Pottsville, Pa.—Little Duck won the Grand Prize of Paris in 1884.

C. S., St. Louis, Mo.—B is right. The count is 3 and 1 for last, 2nd, sixes.

H. W. B., Kansas City.—Edward Hanlan beat Robert Watson Boyd. You are mistaken.

A. R. D., Merced, Cal.—Nautical Gazette, published 31 and 33 Park Row, New York City.

D. J., Baltimore.—Bend or beat Robert the Devil in the race for the Epsom Gold Cup in 1881.

J. W. S., Salem, Mass.—In the city of Mexico, Hugh Gaffney, the jockey, died, April 7, 1884.

J. C., Boston.—Edward Hanlan beat Elias C. Laycock on the Thames, London, Eng., Jan. 17, 1881.

S. P., Havre De Grace.—Harry Leslie, the tight rope dancer, died at Flatbush, N. Y., April 27, 1884. 2. No.

D. J., Louisville.—Iroquois won the English Derby on June 1, 1881. Peregrine was second and Town Moor third.

D. C. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—William Horace Lingard first appeared at the Theatre Comique, New York, April 6, 1868.

D. C., Hartford, Conn.—1. H. M. Dufur has beaten J. H. McLaughlin, and the latter has defeated the former. 2. John McMahon.

E. C., Chicago.—1. L. E. Myers. 2. W. G. George ran half a mile (880 yards) at Birmingham, Eng., on Sept. 13, 1881, in 1 minute 56 seconds.

W. S., Pottsville, Pa.—The dynamite explosions occurred at the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, London, Eng., on Jan. 24, 1885. 2. No.

S. J., Chelsea.—Robert McKinstry, the famous Scotch pedestrian, died Sept. 27, 1881, at Maybole, Scotland. 2. He was forty-four years of age.

W. J., Louisville, Ky.—1. No. 2. In 1879 Pierre Lorillard's Parole won the Great Metropolitan Stakes in England. Fred Archer had the mount.

D. J., Latonia Springs, Ky.—1. In 1881. 2. Pierre Lorillard's Mistake ran second to Buchanan in the Lincolnshire Handicap, March 22, 1881. 3. No.

AMATEUR, Detroit, Mich.—1. Wm. B. Curtis, of this city, won the senior single scull race at the Harlem Regatta Association 2 years in succession, 1873 and 1874. 2. No.

H. B., Stapleton, Staten Island.—Joshua, Elles, Gilbert and Hank Ward, rowed 4 miles in a 4-oared shell, at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1871, in 24 minutes 40 seconds.

W. S., Newark, Del.—1. A loses. Fred Archer never rode a horse that won the Grand National in England. 2. W. Archer won the Grand National with Little Charlie in 1858.

S. H., Fond du Lac, Wis.—The party that bet Fred Archer has won over 1,000 races wins. Archer, up to the close of the racing season of 1885, had scored 1,269 winning mounts.

W. B., Cambridge, Mass.—Chas. M. Anderson rode 1,304 miles in 90 hours, 15 hours a day, changing mustangs when he pleased, at the Bay District Track, San Francisco, Cal., on May 15, 1880.

D. S., Boston.—Peter J. Fanebot won the O'Leary American championship belt, 142 consecutive hours, on Feb. 28 to March 5, 1881. He covered 541 miles 825 yards in 141 hours 45 minutes 35 seconds.

DETECTIVE.—In the State of New York private detectives or agencies are self-constituted and do not require any permit. In other States the law requires that a permit be issued by the local authorities.

W. L. Ooni, Caleb.—We know nothing of the parties you name. We do not endorse or recommend an advertiser in preference to another. They solicit trade and you must make your own selection without our aid or advice.

D. J., Bangor, Me.—John Murphy, the well-known driver, is an equestrian, but Chas. M. Anderson never drove trotting horses. Murphy rode 150 miles in 6 hours 45 minutes 7 seconds, with the use of twenty horses, at the Gentleman's Driving Park, New York, on July 3, 1876.

A. H., Chicago, Ill.—The yacht race for the Cape May Challenge cup, valued at \$1,000, and presented by James Gordon Hymett, of the New York Herald in 1872, commenced on Sept. 27, 1885, by the American schooner Dauntless, Caldwel H. Colt owner, and the English cutter Genesta, owned by Sir Richard Sutton. The start was made from an imaginary line between the judges' boat and buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook, about 4 o'clock, Sept. 27, and the course was southerly and around the Five Fathom Lightship off Cape May and return to Sandy Hook Lightship. The Dauntless and her owner as sailing master and ex-Commander E. E. Chase, of the New York Yacht Club, and several other gentlemen on board. The Genesta was superintended by J. Beaver Webb, and among her guests were Arthur Paddelford and Col. Fred May. The Genesta won the Dauntless being distanced.

J. D., Old Sparta, N. C.—The game of billiards was invented about the middle of the 16th century by a London pawnbroker named Wm. Kew. In wet weather this pawnbroker was in the habit of taking down the three balls, and with the yard measure, pushing them billiard fashion from the counter into the stalls. In time the idea of a board with side pockets suggested itself. A black letter manuscript says: "Master William Kew did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Paul's, hence one of these strokes was named a cannon, having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by the name of 'bill-yard'; because William or Bill Kew did first play with the yard measure. The stick is now called a 'kew' or 'cue.' It is easy to comprehend how 'bill-yard' had been modernized into 'billiards' and the transformation of 'Kew' or 'cue' into 'cue' is equally apparent.

W. H., Kansas City.—Plaisanterie, the French race-horse, is by the English-bred sire Wellingtonia out of Pote-s, by Trocadero out of La Dorelle, by The Ranger, is the joint property of M. Bouy and T. Carter, the latter of whom trains her at Chantilly. She was bred by Count D'Angers, at whose Yearling sale she was purchased for £32 by Carter, who subsequently disposed of a half-share in the mare to M. Bouy. As a two-year-old she ran three times, winning the Prix du Premier Pas at Caen, while she ran a dead heat with Barbierine, to whom she was giving 11 pounds, for the Grand Prix de Dieppe, a large field being behind her on each occasion. At the Paris Autumn Meeting Plaisanterie was beaten a head by The Condor, who was in receipt of 12 pounds, for the Grand Critereum, her former opponent, Barbierine, being this time beaten out of place, while Reluisant, Escarboucle and other winners were behind her. Her career this year has been an almost unbroken line of victories, as she has won all the fourteen races for which she has started except one, when, in the spring, she was flukely beaten by a short head by the four-year-old Martin Pecheur II., at a difference of 12 pounds, for the Prix du Prince de Galles at Paris. Fra Diavolo being a bad third. Plaisanterie had beaten Martin Pecheur II. for the Prix de la Seine in the spring, and her other victories prior to her success as above were the Prix des Cars at Paris, Prix de St. James (walked over) at Paris, Prix Fould (walked over) at Paris, Prix d'Apprentissage at Chantilly, Prix du Coudre at Paris, Prix Seymour at Paris, Jubilee Prize at Baden Baden (beating Condor Blue Grass and Cosmos), Prix de Chantilly (two miles) at Paris, Prix de Villebon at Paris, Prix d'Octobre at Paris and the Prix du Prince d'Orange, also at Paris, and the Cesarewitch and Cambridgehire in England.



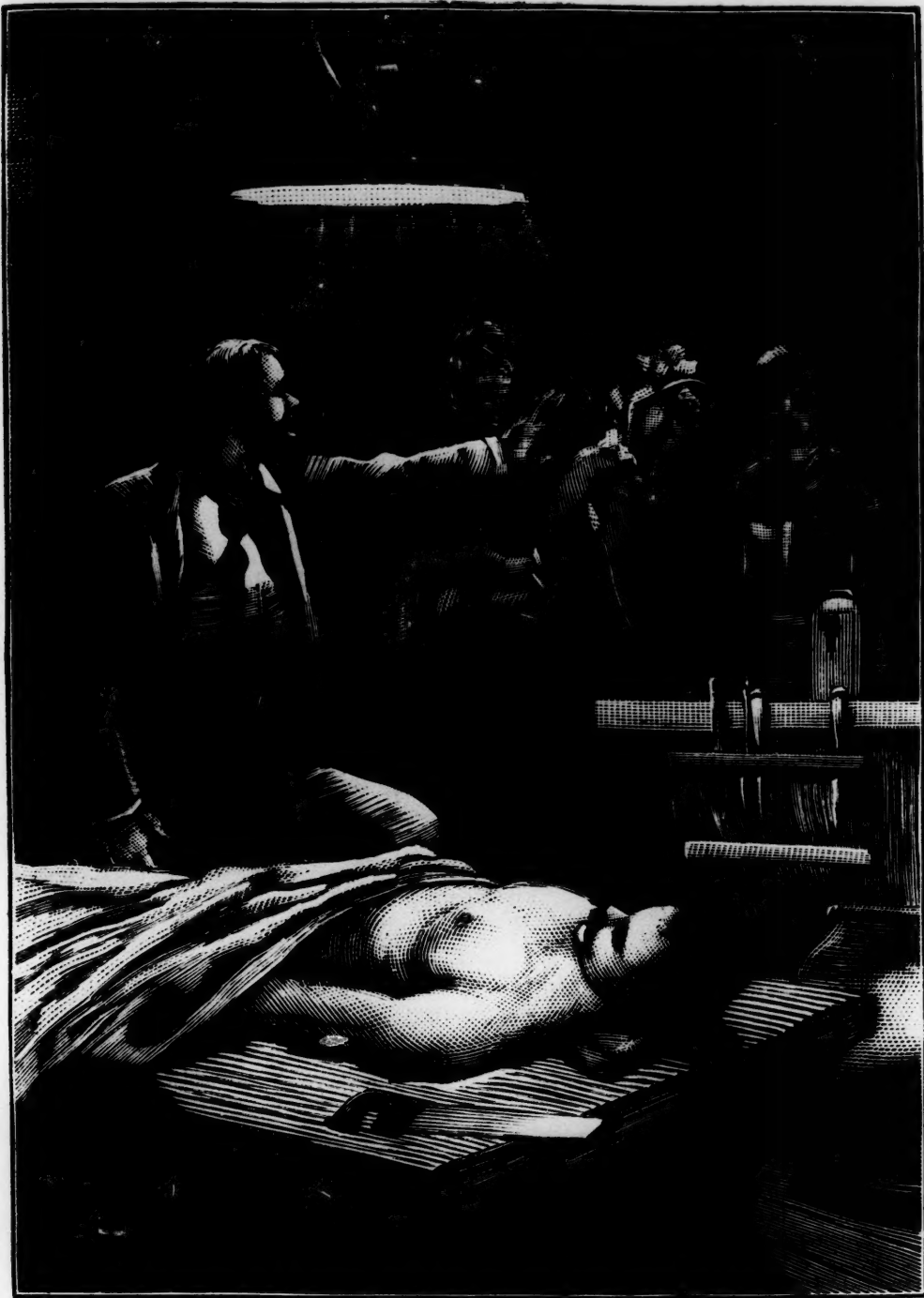
MYERS WINS.

THE PHANTOM VIRGINIAN LETS THE BRITON, GEORGE, CUT OUT THE PACE AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND THEN SHOOTS UNDER THE WIRE AHEAD.



ALL MOONSHINE.

A DESPERATE BATTLE FOUGHT NEAR MANCHESTER, COFFEE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, BETWEEN AN UNITED STATES OFFICER AND DISTILLERS OF ILLICIT WHISKEY.



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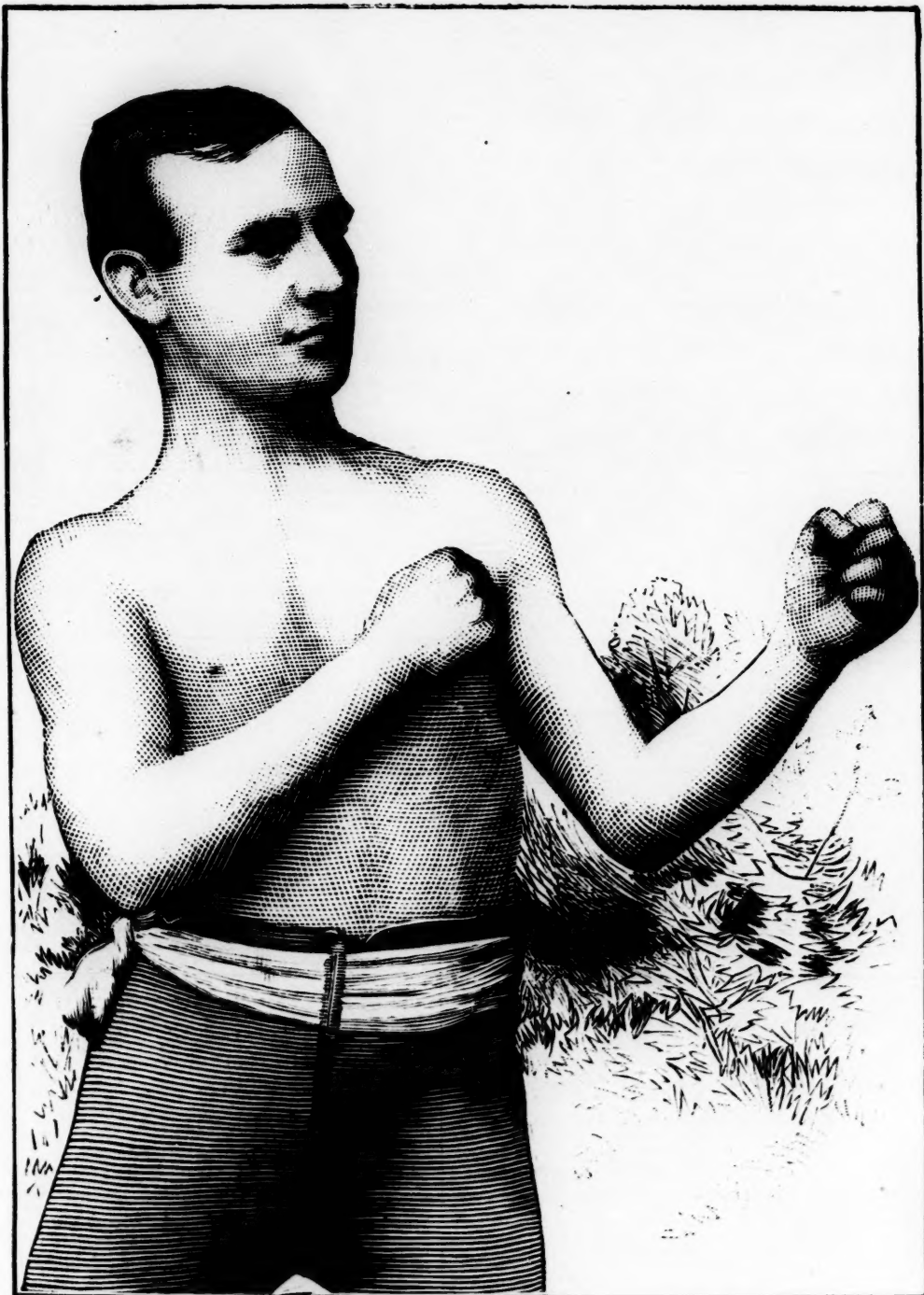
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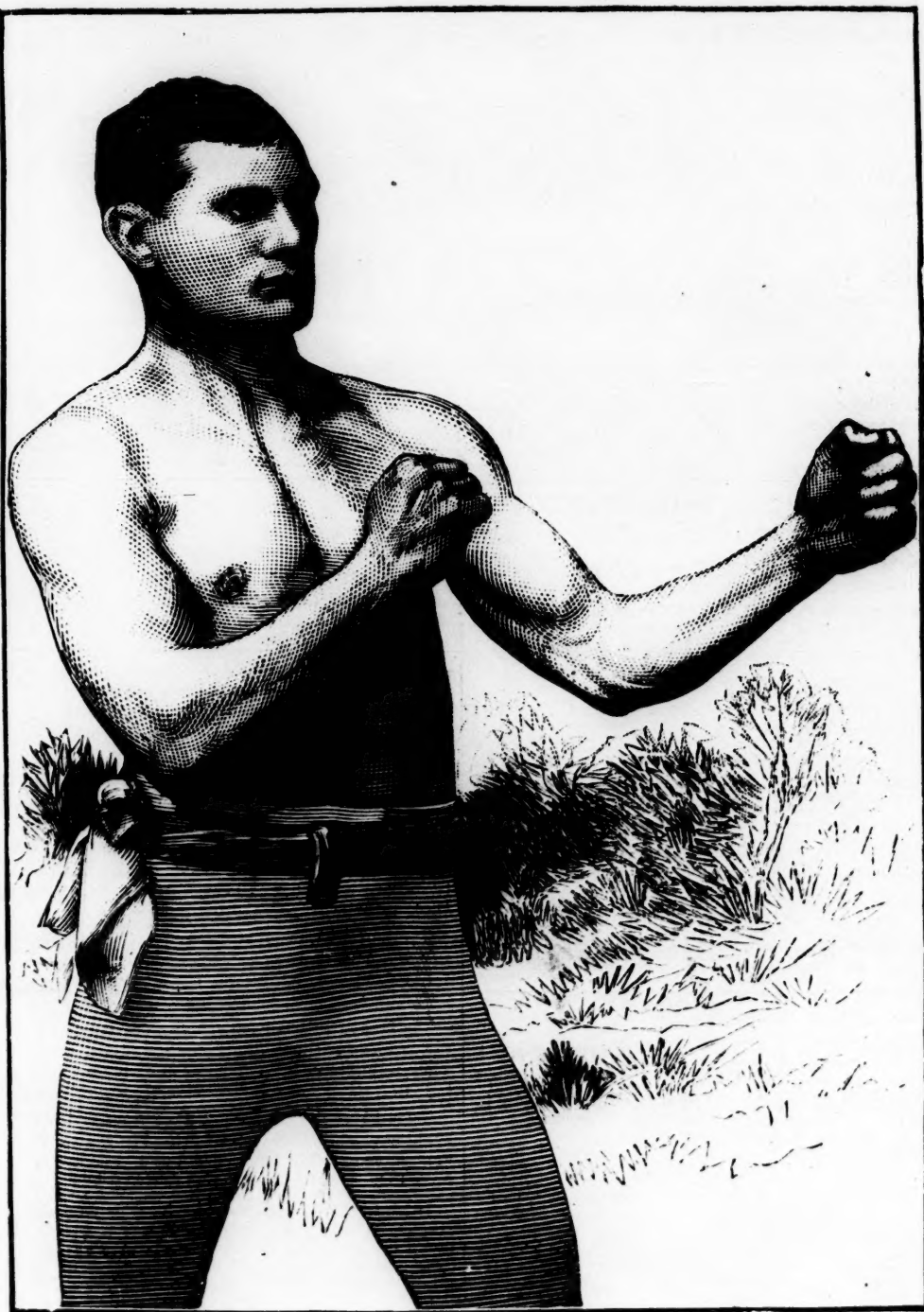


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MIKE CUSHING,

THE CLEVER MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST BORN IN ELIZABETHPORT, N. J.



PADDY SMITH,

THE WELL-KNOWN AND AMBITIOUS PUGILIST NOW RESIDING IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



C. L. Cushman.

The celebrated left-handed pitcher, Mr. C. L. Cushman, who has been doing such excellent work for the Metropolitans this season, was born in Ashtabula county, Ohio, although he has made Erie, Pa., his home for the past eighteen or twenty years. Mr. Cushman has been a passenger train conductor on the Eastern Division of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, running from Buffalo to Cleveland, for the past fifteen years, and even now spends his winters at his old occupation. He is well educated and a very courteous gentleman, and exceedingly popular with all who know him. He first commenced his baseball career by playing with the railroad men during his spare time at Erie, Pa. His wonderful speed and deceptive curves soon brought him into prominence. He was picked up by the Erie Club in 1876, but as they were unable to find a catcher that could support him he got buried out in center field, where he played with them during his off days until in June, 1883, when he was picked up by the Buffalo Club, who induced him to withdraw from railroad for the summer and enter the arena as a professional. The Buffalo Club at that time was under the management of Jim O'Rourke, who is now playing centerfield for the New York Club. Cushman did phenomenal work for the Buffalos until he got a lame arm and had to retire from pitching. He secured his release from the Buffalos about the 1st of September. His services were in great demand and in spite of his lame arm he was engaged by the Toledo club for the remainder of the season. The Toledo won every game that Cushman pitched for them that fall, which enabled them to secure the championship. A tempting offer induced him to go to Milwaukee in 1884, where he pitched in thirty-six championship games and only lost one, and that was a ten-inning 2 to 1 game with the St. Paul club at Milwaukee July 31. He had a most remarkable pitching record that season. During the first three championship games he pitched he had forty-seven assists, the bulk of which were on strikes, and during the first twelve games he had the unprecedented record of 117 assists. Cushman while pitching for the Milwaukee never lost a game against the Saginaws, although the latter club had Clarkson, now of the Chicago, as their pitcher. He was engaged by the Athletics of Philadelphia in 1885, but as he was hit pretty hard in one or two games he was released about the middle of June and immediately picked up by the Metropolitans, with whom he has remained ever since. He did some great work for the Mets last season, and is really their mainstay this season. Mr. Cushman is 6 feet 1½ inches in height and weighs 182 pounds.

Caylor is still living, to spite the undertaker.

Reddy Mack is doing excellent work this season.

Greenwood, of the Newark, is now laid up for repairs.

Cushman is the mainstay of the Metropolitan Club this season.

Some few of the League clubs feel sorry they have lost Bob Ferguson.

Joe Gerhardt is getting to be one of the big sluggers of the New York club.

Bill Crowley has become a great favorite in Charleston by his heavy batting.

Joe Simmons is going to pull the strings from the players' bench this season.

The Detroit will possibly yet make a stir in the League championship race.

Another firecracker will be exploded on or about the 1st of June. Look out for it.

Busted phenomena will, no doubt, be rather plentiful before the Fourth of July.

The Deacon is still quietly working the wires to get the parson into the Detroit Club.

Ridgewood Park, Long Island, reminds one of an old fashioned silver three-cent piece.

Somehow the ball players don't take very kindly to the recently invented sliding pad.

The people are just beginning to discover that the New Yorks are playing great ball.

Hofford failed to plough up the Southern soil, as he proved a short-lived phenomenon.

Baneroff is not quite so badly struck on his Rochester "wonders" as he was a month ago.

Von der Ahe is beginning to curtail expenses in every way that lays within his power.

One of the Cincinnati lishers was recently caught in the act, and it just cost him an even \$25.

The only Galvin is beginning to think that he does not know even a little bit about pitching.

Jimmy Galvin seems to have lost his grip, as he is getting pounded pretty lively this season.

The Williams College boys gave it to the Bowdoin in the neck April 27, to the tune of 40 to 3.

If Corey ever returns to the diamond field again it will be something in the form of a surprise.

From the style in which the players have started out this season this bids fair to be hospital year.

The Louisvilles are badly handicapped by being badly crippled in their catching department.

Paul Hines has added giant strength to the Washington Club through his tremendous slugging.

Strauss, of the Louisvilles, evidently missed his calling when he tried to make a catcher of himself.

The club that wins the championship of the League this season will not have a bonanza by a jugfull.

Horace Phillips is now kicking himself for not having grabbed Kilroy before Barnie caught him.

Bob Ferguson is satisfied that his mug will turn the course of a ball, and therefore never wears a mask.

Jack Gleason is now singing "Hush, bye Baby" to a split hand, which he hopes to nurse around all right.

The Washingtons have made a big opening, but it is our opinion that they have not got the bottom to hold out.

Denny McKnight expects to have sweet revenge after he settles up his affairs with the American Association.

Augusta has released McCaffrey. Certainly this can not be Dominick, who Billy Taylor was training last winter?

McGinnigal has caught on in great shape at Brooklyn. He makes a better business man than he does a ball player.

It is claimed that Comiskey's mouth has cost him \$25 since the opening of the season. Still he keeps on shooting it off.

Comiskey, the celebrated bulldozer, will find that he has a tartar to deal with when he brushes up against Bob Ferguson.

Caylor feeds Kelly, the umpire, on candy in the morning, and then spansks his bottom in the evening for eating too much.

Major George F., the "hustler," is now beginning to realize that he has not got the crack team of the American Association.

It is not the strength a club shows in preliminary practice that counts, but the grit they show in their championship contests.

Comiskey is playing great ball for the St. Louis Club this season, and Von der Ahe claims that he can take the polish off Joe Hornung.

Old George Washington "Bread" is not doing much with the stick this season further than to pound the air on both sides of the ball.

It has been demonstrated pretty clearly at Ridgewood, L. I., that there is a mint of money in Sunday ball playing in this vicinity.

Old "Blondie" Purcell is doing pretty good work in Atlanta, and he has become very popular with the baseball enthusiasts of that city.

Bridgeport must be in a sad state of civilization if it is true that there are only two men in the town that know how to score a baseball match.

The boys are running the bases this year as they never ran them before. Even some few of the old crows have developed into base runners.

The American Association show fine judgment in their selection of Bob Ferguson as one of their staff of official umpires, as he is the best in the land.

The Southern trip of the Rochester Club did not do Connors much good as it gave him a heavy cold that he may be half the summer recovering from.

For a wonder, Houck is keeping his word with Barnie, and is not bending his elbow even a little bit. The result is that he is now playing great ball.

The Baltimore are finding the ball this season in great shape, and the way they pounded Jack Lynch at Staten Island May 3 made Jack kind of tired.

If the "Mets" don't get down to their work pretty soon they might just as well throw up their hands and give up all hope of ever amounting to anything.

Nara, the once well-known catcher of the Providence League Club, has outlived his usefulness in this section of the country, and has returned to California.

The Brooklyn players are all putting in their biggest efforts for the prize which has been offered by a citizen for the player making the best batting average.

When the clubs settle right down to business it will be found that some of the teams which are now considered "dubs" will come right up to the front and linger.

The Memphis boys have about the giddiest uniform of any club in the Southern League. It is light blue and brown, but their fancy uniform will not make them play ball.

Sunday is well pleased with the shape of his legs, and is trying to make money out of them by offering to run any ball player in the business for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

Oh, say! will Anson ever take a drop on shooting off his mouth about the Chicago winning the championship this season and the way the other clubs are going to be classified?

The Boston "Globe" says there were 7,000 people at the opening of the Staten Island grounds. Come off. They would have been in great luck if they had had half that many.

Detroit Manning is now grunting around with a lame shoulder, but the gag won't work. If he gets a leave of absence to nurse his alleged lame shoulder, it will have to be without pay.

The Major and his boys are in hard luck, but it is thought that by the time the Major learns a little about the game the boys will come around all right and catch on once more.

Brother Lucas had better cut his fishing trip short and pay a little more attention to the "Black Diamonds" or he will not startle the world much with his crack ball team this season.

Umpire Young is working his school discipline in upon the ball players. Independent of firing Comiskey and Latham at St. Louis, he socked it to Barkley, Carroll and Ramsey April 28 at Louisville.

Old times Rox-Cal. McVey—has returned to the baseball arena. He must be somewhere in the neighborhood of ninety-two or three years old. Ross Barnes will, no doubt, be the next old man to return.

This is the time of year the managers begin to weed out the worthless material, and you hear of players being released every day. It is to be hoped that the "Hustling George" will not get at the Mets.

Morris, of the Pittsburg Club, has been working the growler to the queen's taste this season, but the management have finally got on to him, and unless he pulls in his slack he will get himself into a pretty bad snarl.

Carroll, of the Pittsburg, is pretty nearly as good a batter as he is a kicker, and with the two combined he is a holy terror. Sometimes he kicks when he has nothing to kick for, further than to keep from getting rusty.

Porter had a trifle of the swelling removed from his head Sunday last, when the Athletics pounded him all over the field for nineteen runs, nine of which were made in a single inning on the cleanest kind of hitting.

The Elmer Chickering nine ought to be photographed and put on exhibition, as their object in playing baseball is purely that of healthful outdoor sport, and they absolutely refuse to play for a purse or even for gate receipts.

There are two Meisters and no end of shysters playing baseball this season. The Meisters are covering second base for the Hartford and Brockton clubs respectively, while the shysters are scattered throughout the entire baseball arena.

The preliminary work has not been over beneficial this spring, as many of the clubs have had to play so hard to hold their end up that the players were pretty well bunged to pieces by the time the championship season opened.

They say Sullivan is unable to hold Jim Galvin, but somehow there is nothing said about the Western clubs being unable to hit him. How is it, Horace? Does Sullivan have to shoulder the blame for Galvin getting knocked out of the lot?

Bancroft has all the Rochester players frightened to death with a threat to bounce the first man who drinks. The players must be either a lot of idiots or not worth their salt, to allow the wary Bancroft to get away with them in this style.

Bancroft had an eye to business on the Southern trip of the Rochester club, and so far as finances were concerned the club came out away ahead. Bancroft is one of the kind who can make a cent go as far as any other man in the business can a dollar.

Big California Smith would have added great batting strength to the Louisville Club, had he lived up to his contract and come East. Herker and Kerlus, who are covering the first bag between them, are whacking up the salary the big "disappointment" would have received.

What is the matter with the Staten Island grounds? Nothing. They are the finest in the world. You run up hill to first base, down hill to second base, down hill to third base and up hill to the home plate. The Major has a great head, and he will, no doubt, use the ground for a tobogganing slide next winter.

We are glad to see that Crowell has caught on with Altoona, but it is our opinion that "catching on" and "holding fast" are two entirely different things. Crowell ought to come pretty near knowing this, as he "caught on" to both Nashville and Memphis last season, but he was unable to retain his grip.

McKnight is making the American Association people come to time in reference to auditing his accounts, and the books and papers will not be handed over until the little auditing job is completed. Can it be the adage that birds of a feather flock together, and that Denny McKnight knows the class of men he is dealing with?

If Storey is not a royal kicker there never was one. Had not President Byrne, of the Brooklyn Club, held him in check last Sunday, he would have kicked all the fences down. There were seven thousand spectators present, but that was nothing. Storey would just as leave kicked the whole crowd over the grand stand as not.

Williams, Cline, Moore and Lyons spent a night in the "cooler," April 30, at Augusta, Ga. They thought they owned the city, but they had been simply laboring under a misapprehension. It was discovered that they did not own even a little bit of the city. They paid their fines the next morning and sneaked home the back way.

Watkins is now posing as a judge. He rates the Detroit and Chicago as first and second. Philadelphia third and winds up by saying that the New Yorks will be hardly so successful as last year, though they have a magnificent team. The New Yorks will knock considerable conceit out of Manager Watkins when they get at his over-rated Detroit aggregation.

CURE FOR THE DRAF. PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCUX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

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ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

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The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary, New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

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